Gourmet Treats and A Feeling of Defeat

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Gourmet Treats and A Feeling of Defeat

by PoisonChocolateCake

Summary

In a world where humans are raised as food and pleasure slaves by vampires, a defiant young slave by the name of Will Graham is finally sent to market...

...where he is purchased by many.

Including Count Lecter, who seems to regard him as a particularly gourmet treat.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will is kneeling on the floor.

Above him, his Mistress Bedelia is circling. Will knows that he has presented a perfect picture. His eyes are cast downwards. Hands folded in his lap and knees folded under his body. Piercings glinting in the light. His Mistress had plugged him before and he thought that was just visible as well. He must look - desirable.

"Your posture is too prideful William."

Moaning internally, Will slumped his shoulders. Mistress Bedelia comes and lays one hand on his shoulder. "And why is that a bad thing?"

"A slave should be humble, lest they be humbled," muttered Will. "A slave's wishes are their master's."

"Your answer is correct," sighed Bedelia. "Yet I doubt you have internalized this lesson at this point in time."

Will tried to keep his face blank.

The life of a slave was almost all he had ever known. When the vampires had come out of hiding, most humans had fled, or fought. A prescient few had joined the vampires - correctly anticipating that they would soon come to dominate humankind. Sometimes Will even heard rumors of humans who still fought against vampires, outposts of freedom. He didn't dare believe them.

Will and his father had been living in Louisiana at the time of the vampire attacks - out by the docks. Not in the epi-centre of the attacks, but close enough. They had no way to resist the First Wave.

The memory of his father's tear-stained face as he watched Will being dragged away down their dirt road by a pack of bloodthirsty vampires emerged at the surface of his mind. It made him twitch with long-suppressed anger.

No, he had not internalized the lesson.

It was through his other talents that he had managed to discern the wishes of his Mistress - and rather well, if he thought so himself - not the obedience that seemed to be a natural part of the character of all the other humans of his acquaintance.

Though their numbers were very few.

"Will!"

His Mistress's voice was furious. "You dare not even attend to my words!"

"I apologize Mistress."

"Look at me Will."

With great reluctance, Will raised his eyes to Bedelia's. She was a human woman, and Will suspected she may have lived with the vampires even before the First Wave.

"I am going to punish you now." She pursed her lips, eyes cold. Will felt a flutter of anticipation - Mistress Bedelia usually relished punishing him. "It is going to be severe. I'm beginning to see your pattern Will."

"The crop Mistress?"

"No."

Her voice was still cold. Will felt another chill. He'd come to enjoy the stripes of pain Bedelia would rain down across his body. Usually followed by her milking his prostate until he sobbed for mercy. She'd look down at him with a smirk as he writhed, cursing his body.

"You're to be auctioned today."

Will couldn't stop himself from gasping and Bedelia groaned once again.

"I have come to the conclusion that I have reached the limits of my ability to train you Will." She cupped his chin, forcing him to look into her eyes. He saw her truth there. "It is time for you to go into service, if I'm correct about your - abilities. You'll either find yourself able to please the vampires - or not."

Aghast, Will felt a tear leak out of his eye. With a sigh, Bedelia swiped it up with her thumb and licked it into her mouth. In spite of himself, the cruelty of the action sent a bolt of arousal through Will and he found himself leaning his head back into her hand.

"Shall I never see you again Mistress?"

"Of course you shall Will." Bedelia sighed, still towering over him. "I'm not sending you to be auctioned for household servitude - I'm sending you to be auctioned for ah - shorter appointments."

Will blinked, and felt his face redden as the implication set in.

Oh.

Of course.

He had been trained as a house slave. One who would attend the needs - all the needs - of a household of vampires. But it seemed that Bedelia deemed him unfit for the task. His submission was imperfect. Being auctioned for shorter appointments was far less prestigious than being sold as a house slave.

It meant he was little more than a snack.

Junk food, even.

Will hung his head then, and let tears slide down his face.

He didn't want to be auctioned. The thought of being owned by a household forever - it terrified him. But the implication that he was - well, not desirable enough to purchase for longer than a night or two - it was miserable as well.

"Don't fret Will," soothed Bedelia. "You'll soon see this arrangement is far better suited to your nature."

Will nods.

A knock sounds at the door then, and Bedelia and Will both freeze. Who on earth could that be? When Will looks up, he sees a bolt of fear cross his Mistress's face and quails. What - or who - on earth could frighten Bedelia.

"Look down," she orders. "Whatever you do Will, don't look up. Even if he tells you to."

Fixing his eyes to the floor, Will shuddered internally. Why had his Mistress ordered him to disobey another's commands? He listened carefully to the clicking of her stilettos as she made haste to answer the door.

"Bedelia," greeted a cool cultured voice. There was an accent, something European? "It is so good to see you again. How does the evening find you?"

"Count Lecter," greeted Bedelia. Will noted that for Mistress Bedelia - usually a paragon of icy composure - she sounded downright flustered. "You're in town. I hadn't expected you this evening."

"I had an unexpected change of plans in Florence," explained Count Lecter. "Though I must say it is good to be in America once again."

"Ah yes - do come in Count Lecter," added Bedelia. "Come this way - to my office."

Will groaned internally once again. If Bedelia was to entertain a guest in her office, then no doubt he would have to serve the two. He wasn't sure if he could - he was still trembling with nerves in anticipation of being auctioned that night.

But the footsteps paused.

"My goodness Bedelia, what is this."

A cool presence entered the room where Will was kneeling. A vampire - a Count no less - trailed cool fingers over his shoulders. Will gasped.

He hadn't even felt the vampire approach. How was he ever going to please such powerful creatures?

Even as he gasped, he cringed again. He had been ordered to look at the floor. And the vampire had every right to touch him however he wished. Bedelia would normally have him punished severely for this infraction - but he heard a chuckle.

"Exquisite," sighed Count Lecter. "Tell me Bedelia, who is to avail themselves of his servitude?"

"Him? Oh no - he's to be auctioned downtown tonight. Come to my office Count Lecter, I'll have Georgia come serve us."

Will was shocked. Georgia ranked far lower than him in the hierarchy of Bedelia's slaves - what had he done! Bedelia had tired of him so suddenly!

A cool hand tilted his chin upwards and Will struggled to keep his eyes cast downwards.

"Don't tell me Bedelia - is this the stubborn slave that had you so concerned last year? That you've kept hidden away from me?"

Shocked Will looked up, eyes wide. He was greeted by an ancient face - one wearing a smirk - and Bedelia's pale frightened one.

"No - no Will Graham was auctioned last year to the DuMont's. I'm sure they've nearly drained him dry by now."

Will dropped his eyes again. What on earth? Bedelia had just outright lied! To a vampire!

"Matthew, go fetch Beverly to serve us."

Will nodded. Trying to push down his pain and humiliation, Will rose to his feet and exited the room. He froze as Count Lecter's words sounded out once again.

"Well then. Goodbye dear *Matthew*. I'm sure we'll meet again."

Chapter End Notes

btw, here is the twilight with cheeseburgers i refer to

and here's my tumblr

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The night he was auctioned was one of the most terrifying of Will's relatively short life.

Mistress Bedelia had been cool with him after Count Lecter left her home. She was always cool with him, but there was an extra layer of remove to her now, as she shaved and perfumed him. The ball gag, one of the nicest, had been inserted into his mouth the very first thing. Her hands were almost rough as she removed his nipple rings and replaced them with finer jewelry. She had him bend over to present his hole, and was remarkably detached as she applied lubricant to his hole and inserted a plug.

Will suspected it was the one with a diamond studding, with it's wide base, from the way he could feel it stretch him out.

Anyone who saw him from behind would see the jewelry glinting at his bottom and know he'd been plugged and stretched. Will hated it, even as it nestled up against his prostate.

Bedelia stared at his cock as it began to harden, and sighed. Shoulders slumped. What on earth had Will done now?

"Just try to enjoy yourself Will," she sighed as she began to tease at his hard cock with her ever present crop. "If you can."

Will nodded.

His own pleasure was secondary to all other's - but he knew some vampires liked it when their slaves enjoyed themselves.

"Turn around and bend over now Will - I think a few red lines from the crop shall suit you nicely. Fetch a better price for you."

Obedient, Will turned and bent to touch his toes.

His only thought as the crop whistled down to paint a bright red stripe was that he hoped Bedelia was right.

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Will waited nervously.

He had been brought here blindfolded, and then unloaded into a waiting area. The other slaves were mainly collared, he noted. Most of them bore excessive scarring at their necks and thighs from rough treatment. They didn't speak or make eye contact. Most gazed into the distance with blank expressions.

Despair welled up in him. If these slaves were collared it looked as though their Masters and Mistresses were loaning them out for a night or two in hopes of earning some quick cash. Not all vampires were as well-to-do as say, Count Lecter appeared to be - especially with their food being so expensive. Loaning out a healthy specimen was considered a bit sleazy - but plenty of young vampires were willing to pay for it.

Judging from the blank expressions surrounding him, most of these slaves had been glamoured so often, they wouldn't be able to distinguish their own sense of selves from - from the catfish Will remembered fishing for in his childhood.

Tamping down on the rebellious thoughts, Will cast his eyes down. It wouldn't help him now.

All too soon, he was being led out to the stage.

The humans dragging him out made lewd comments and groped his body freely. One large heavy-set man even jiggled his plug and burst out laughing when Will stumbled. Will blinked away tears, and then found himself being shoved out onto a stage.

He staggered forward a few steps, and found himself blinking pathetically in the bright lights.

"And what do we have here - ah let's see. Will Graham! Will Graham, step forward into that spotlight. Show the crowd how friendly you are - ah nevermind."

Will had trudged forward a few feet and hung his head down morosely.

"Well well well - this is an interesting specimen. This human is - wow, this human is 24 years old - almost untouched and uncollared, so you know what that means."

A few laughs rippled through the crowd and Will hunched his shoulders.

"Yep, you can do what you like with this one - no one to stop you! And what's more - he's almost untouched! Go easy on this grumpy little thing - it's his first time on the auction block!"

The crowd began laughing even harder. The auctioneer must fancy himself an amateur comedian, thought Will bitterly.

"Oh just turn around Will - no one wants to see you frown-"

Bastard, thought Will savagely. He'd like to stab the man right in the guts.

What?

He hadn't even been away from Mistress Bedelia for an hour before these rebellious thoughts began stirring up in his head again. If this kept up - he'd be eaten by this crowd of vampires in no time.

But Will was far more interested in survival.

Will looked up at the crowd. They were mostly rough-looking, and jeering - but he was shocked by the stench of lust that was emanating from most of their yes.

"Oh, feisty one! Come on Will, turn around! Show us your best ass-et! Bidding starts at 1,000 for this one!"

A few in the crowd raised their cards, to Will's shock. The auctioneer quickly started pattering off the numbers, mercifully giving up on selling Will's dubious charms. Will shuddered to think of being purchased by these vampires.

But there was another figure in the crowd - far towards the back. He seemed familiar somehow. Angular cheekbones and sandy hair - a familiar smirk - oh no. Count Lecter.

Will hastened to turn around then, making a small effort to move in a sensuous manner. Had Bedelia been caught in a lie?

Dimly, he realized that the crowd had just cheered at the sight of him. So Bedelia had been correct about the red stripes afterall.

"Do I hear fifteen thousand? Yes I hear fifteen thousand now do I hear - oh. Wow. One hundred thousand. From the gentleman at the back. Um, do I hear One hundred and one thousand? No? Well, sold."

The auctioneer banged down his gavel.

He'd been bought.

Chapter End Notes

and here's my tumblr

Chapter 3

Will could scarcely believe the identity of the vampire who had purchased him.

The vampires who attended that slave auction were usually young and unsophisticated. Tourists, or young vampires looking for kicks. What Count Lecter had been doing in the crowd could only be described as slumming. Now Will found himself sitting in the backseat of a Bentley, staring at the back of a sandy head.

The engine purred as they drove along. The ride was smooth but did little to calm Will's nerves. All too soon the pair were sweeping up a driveway to a rather elegant home. Will had been surprised that Count Lecter had no staff- no driver or assistant - but he did suppose that the man had mentioned only recently arriving in America.

Still, he was composed and silent as he opened the car door for Will and ushered him towards his home.

Will shivered a bit in the cold air. He was still wearing nothing but his jewelry and plug. To his total shock, Count Lecter removed his own jacket and placed it around the slave's shoulders.

Mistress Bedelia hadn't permitted him any clothing in years.

He let Will keep the jacket too, once they were inside. Will was trembling with nerves. How on earth was he going to please this powerful vampire? And why had he been purchased for such an extravagant sum? It was nearly unheard of. And the vampire was so silent too.

They paused a moment in the entryway, and Count Lecter removed his shoes. Will clutched nervously at the jacket, but Count Lecter made no move to take it from him.

"This way," he said, and began walking. "And Will, I permit you to look me in the eye - and to look up from the floor, as often as you wish."

Will startled.

He wasn't sure if he could get used to meeting others in the eye so easily, but he supposed he appreciated the gesture. In silence, he followed the tall, broad-shouldered vampire to his destination.

The destination was a large and well-appointed kitchen.

Will had been trained to cook a bit, when Bedelia had still been considering selling him to a household. He appreciated it now, because it increased his sense of awe at this kitchen. The stove alone, he noticed, cost a bit more than what Count Lecter had just paid for his company.

Still, with all these means at his disposal, Count Lecter was rolling up his sleeves and pulling out a chopping board. He turned to face Will, and smiled.

"Sit," he ordered, nodding towards a kitchen bar stool. "Now tell me Will - why was Bedelia so determined to keep you away from me?"

Will walked slowly towards the stool and felt his heart start pounding. Why indeed? Surely the rumors of his - well, his witchcraft - surely they couldn't have reached Hannibal's ears. Will sat down delicately and stared down at his hands.

"I fear Mistress Bedelia is displeased with me," he admitted quietly. It wouldn't do him any favors to lie now. "I'm not naturally obedient. I wasn't expecting to be sent to the - well - to the downtown auction."

He looked up at Count Lecter then, and saw that the man was wearing a serious expression. "No?"

"Of course not," sighed Will. "I thought I was to be a household slave - not that I mind!"

He added this last part quickly, probably too late to avoid offending the vampire. To his surprise, Count Lecter was just chuckling. The vampire continued chopping up some cheese and fruits.

"Well Will - you do realize the reputation of the slaves sold downtown - only the best looking?"

Will splutters. "No!" He feels himself flushing, and clutches at the countertop. "Sorry ah - Sir?" This last part is hesitant. "I don't mean to contradict you but -"

"You may address me as such. Or Hannibal if you prefer." Will startles again. "Very well then Will. Eat."

The plate of food is slid over in front of him, and Will stares at it. Count Lecter pours a tall glass of water from his fridge and places that in front of Will. Stares at him expectantly.

Will looks up at Count Lecter and feels himself flushing. He hasn't sat at a table and eaten in … he doesn't know how long.

"Go on Will," encourages Count Lecter. "You'll need your strength."

With that to encourage him, Will lifts the glass of water and takes a deep drink. He stares at the food again in consternation. Is he meant to have a fork or …?

"Ah, of course."

Count Lecter picks up a cube of cheese and lifts it to Will's lips. Grateful, Will takes it into his mouth. The taste of the vampire's fingers is salty as well.

"Thank you," murmurs Will. "It's delicious."

Count Lecter picks out a cut of meat then, and Will feels content to let the himself be fed. He doesn't dare let himself think forward to what he will be needing his strength for. After Will bites down on a particularly juicy grape, Count Lecter lets his hand linger around Will's

mouth. Without thinking, Will finds himself chasing the finger forward to lick off the last of the juice.

A gasp.

Will looks up from where he is sucking Count Lecter's fingers down deep and meets his eyes.

Oh.

They're nearly black with arousal.

Wills feels his body begin to respond in kind, and he slowly backs off the finger in his mouth, not breaking eye contact. The finger in his mouth exits with a pop. Will smiles up at Count Lecter then. At least his Master for the night is somewhat kind.

He shifts back and flinches at the plug, still stretching him. Count Lecter frowns a moment, then his expression clears.

"Do you enjoy wearing that plug Will? Is it pleasurable?"

Will blushes at the straightforward question. "It is pleasurable," he admits. "But it isn't -"

"Very well then."

Count Lecter stands and looms over Will. "Up," he orders.

Will stands, and Count Lecter's arms close around him. The jacket he'd so enjoyed is dropped to the kitchen floor. For a moment Will is terrified, thinking the Count has decided to eat him already. But then cold, gentle hands reach down towards his bottom. Mindful of the red welts, Count Lecter begins working the plug out of Will.

It's a bit of a stretch, and Will finds himself leaning forward into the Count's chest to gasp as the widest part exits his body. The plug is set aside on the counter - I just ate off that counter - thinks Will fretfully - does Count Lecter do this to all his snacks - but then Count Lecter grasps both his nipples and Will lets out a gasp.

"Do you enjoy these piercings?"

Will tries to drop his eyes. Count Lecter's hands are skillful, applying just the right amount of pressure, and rolling his nipples - it takes some self control not to push into his touch.

"Look at me," commands Count Lecter. Will shoots his eyes up to the Count's. Suddenly there is a tinge of force behind the words. "Do you enjoy these piercings Will?"

"No," the truth exits his mouth unbidden. Will is horrified but finds he can't stop speaking. "They feel good right now, but most of the time I hate them. They make me feel bad."

Will gasps. What on earth? Had the Count just glamored him - just to ask that? He knew much better than to criticize how his Mistress adorned him!

"A pity," sighed Hannibal. "It simply isn't a good time to remove them. But all in due course."

Those cold hands drop down to his thighs then - with that same force. "Do you want me to touch you?"

"Yes and no," admits Will. Why on earth did he just - this is ridiculous! He takes in a gasp of air. "Why are you glamoring me?"

Count Lecter freezes then, his face a mask of perfect astonishment. Will's heart drops to his knees.

"I mean - I mean - oh I'm sorry please don't -"Distraught, Will does what he was trained to do to appease an offended vampire and drops down to his knees in front of him. "Please don't hurt me," he begs Count Lecter's polished leather shoes. "Please."

"I see," says Count Lecter, and Will barely holds back a terrified sob. His tone is furious. "So this is what Bedelia wanted to hide from me. Get up."

A gentle hand lands on Will's shoulder then, and he gasps.

"Or would you prefer I carry you to my bedroom?"

His bedroom?

Count Lecter makes good on that suggestion though, before Will can fully parse that the vampire intends to devour him in his own bed - not this kitchen - not even a dungeon for slaves.

Will finds himself being picked up and carried with a great rush of wind. He closes his eyes, and opens them to find that Count Lecter is depositing him on coltish legs in a plush bedroom. With a gasp he looks up at the man, and finds him smiling gently, amused.

"Please, go avail yourself of the shower. Your perfume is distracting."

Looking around, Will sees an en-suite leading off from the master bedroom. He walks inside and stares around the enormous shower. It seems silly to dally about, so he scrubs himself quickly in as hot of water as he can stand then exits to see Count Lecter just turning down a bed.

Will pauses, awaiting direction, and Count Lecter grins with a mouth full of teeth.

"Please, lay in the bed Will. On your back."

Hastening to comply, Will is surprised to see that Count Lecter is just pulling up a chair to the foot of the bed. He lays back on a mound of very fluffy pillows.

"Mmm," says the vampire in approval. "Now stretch out. Spread your legs."

Will does as ordered, hoping the vampire enjoys the view.

"Now touch yourself," comes the next order.

Will blinks with surprise, then trails a hand down his chest.

"Are you normally permitted to touch yourself Will?" asks the figure at the foot of the bed. Will shakes his head and grasps his member with a firm grip. "Go slowly now."

Nodding, Will starts stroking himself in a leisurely manner. It feels exposed, pleasuring himself this way in front of another. The young man wonders if Count Lecter will - will fuck him tonight. He bites his lip and finds his hips moving upwards. Bedelia hasn't allowed any of the other slaves to use his hole.

"What were you thinking just then?" demands Count Lecter. "What did you feel?"

"I - I was wondering if you'd ah - ah! If you're going to have me." Will stares at Count Lecter through hooded eyes. "I've never been taken before," he adds, unnecessarily. It was likely why he fetched such a huge price. He continues stroking himself in a slow rhythm.

The Count makes a noise then. Will smirks a bit - and instead of being infuriated, the Count looks downright delighted with Will.

"Do you like being touched there?" Will nods enthusiastically. He always has. "Then touch yourself there. But don't - not inside."

With a moan, Will acquiesces and starts rubbing around the outside of his hole in a circular motion. He wants something inside now - badly.

"You're exquisite," sighs Count Lecter. "Please continue. And Will - don't stop looking at me."

Will groans and keeps up the rhythm of his hands. He feels shaken. Lecter's eyes are burning coals. The vampire swallows and Will moans, pressing down hard on the rim of his hole with the flats of his fingers.

"Please," he asks fretfully. "Please let me - touch inside."

"Do you want me to take you Will?"

Will groans and his head drops backwards on his pillow. "Yes," he admits. "But I'm - I'm afraid."

"Very well then," sighs a voice into his ear. "All in due time."

A squeak escapes Will's mouth at the display of superior speed. Cool fingers creep up to his mouth and Will obliges Lecter by sucking on them enthusiastically. It's almost too much. Stroking at his cock. Fingers he wants so badly - Lecter surprises Will then. He removes his fingers from Will's mouth and presses them inside Will. Will gasps and rocks down on them.

"Do you want to come?" asks Lecter. His fingers are searching for that spot inside Will, and pause just short of pressing down there. "Do you."

"Yes," gasps Will. "I do."

He is too hot. The cool fingers feel like a desperate relief.

"What do you want Will?"

"I - I want to come," gasps Will. The sheets are soaked with his sweat now. He looks up at Lecter and throws caution to the wind. "Please sir. Let me come. Let me please come on your fingers. I don't deserve but please, please let me -"

"I'm going to bite you when you come Will," warns Count Lecter. "Certainly not enough to scar - but I'm going to drink of you."

"I want that," gasps Will. He feels reckless, chasing pleasure. Desperate to please this vampire. "Please, I want that."

Count Lecter lets out a growl then, and presses down hard just where he should. Will lets out a wail of pleasure then - and as promised, Count Lecter sinks his fangs into Will's neck just as he is riding out his orgasm, desperately pumping his hips.

Everything goes black.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will wakes in the morning feeling a bone deep exhaustion.

He nearly rolls over and goes back to sleep - duties be damned - when he realizes what woke him. Hannibal has entered the room with a tray. Slowly, he sits up in bed. Dizziness nearly overcomes him though, and he groans.

Count Lecter is at his side in a moment.

"Drink Will," he urges, pressing a glass of orange juice into Will's hands. "I'm afraid I may have over-indulged last night. It would be a shame upon me to return you to your mistress in such a terrible state. Drink."

He certainly had, thought Will fuzzily, if the sudden warmth of the vampire's skin was anything to go on. Will drank down the orange juice.

Why was he still here? For the price he had paid, Count Lecter would have had every right to drain him dry. Instead, he was slipping back into bed and arranging Will into a more comfortable position to feed him again. Blinking up at Hannibal as he accepted a cubed melon into his mouth, Will thought for a moment of what had happened last night. He found himself blushing.

Hannibal smiled, gently, and rested his index finger on Will's lower lip.

"Did you enjoy yourself last night?" he asked. "I do hope it wasn't too strenuous."

"I did," smiled Will. Oh that wouldn't do - Mistress Bedelia would tan his hide for such a lukewarm response. "Sir you pleased me very much," he added with as much haste as he could. "I don't deserve your generosity."

"Now, now Will," murmured Hannibal in his ear. "I believe I've established I wish you to speak freely."

"Well, I did enjoy it," exclaimed Will. He was beginning to feel a bit more energetic now. But then a terrible thought occurred to him. "Didn't you?"

Count Lecter laughed low in his ear then, and grasped Will's hand. He kissed the inside of his wrist, and Will gasped. The feeling of fangs against his pulse suddenly had him filled with lust.

"It was magnificent Will. You are truly exquisite."

"Oh," responded Will in a small voice. "Thank you then."

He rocked backwards against Hannibal then, and was pleased to find that the vampire was hard against him. Will turned his head and tilted his lips upward, hoping for a kiss.

The one he received was demanding, Hannibal pulling him closer and scraping at Will's mouth with his fangs. Will moaned enthusiastically, but when Hannibal moved to turn him flat on his back, he pressed up a hand to stop him.

"Sir may I -" he swallowed. His face was flushed, and Hannibal didn't aid Will's newfound shyness by choosing that moment to surge forward and press their lengths together. "Ah! Sir - I want you - I want you to use my mouth."

Well that certainly got the vampire's attention.

"I've only done it to a toy before," he added. "But Mistress Bedelia says my throat is well train-"

"Enough," interrupted the vampire. A flash of something fierce and ugly passed over his face for a moment and Will quailed. "I'm sure Bedelia trained you well indeed. Why do say that Will? Do you truly want that? You may speak freely."

"I do," protested Will. "I always liked it when Bedelia - I mean I always wanted to. With a man." He bit his lip for a moment. "Always," he added for good measure.

Hannibal paused a moment looming above him, and Will took the opportunity to press a small kiss to the side of his neck. The vampire stilled then, and encouraged, Will started kissing down his neck. When he reached the vampire's chest, he took a moment to indulge himself, and rubbed his cheek against his chest hair. Then he saw a nipple and decided to bite at it, playfully.

That earned him a swat on his bottom and Will started licking, apologetically. A gasp of pleasure sounded out above him, and Will beamed up at Hannibal, utterly pleased with himself.

"Do you want me on my knees?" he asked. "Or I could lay back so you could use my mouth that way."

Hannibal gasped, and pulled Will up for another kiss. Will accepted the man's deep kissing - it felt as though he was sucking out all of his breath. At last he paused, and Will made to scoot down the bed to his knees.

"Wait Will," breathed out Hannibal. "Turn to your side - yes like that," he encouraged. Will had turned himself cross-ways to Hannibal and found that this way, the vampire's hands could still reach most of his body. "Oh Will - go slowly."

This last admonishment was said because Will had dropped his head into Hannibal's lap. He had started nuzzling enthusiastically. Even licking through the fabric. He could smell Hannibal more down here, and was a bit shocked with himself to find his mouth watering. His hands were trembling as he reached for Hannibals trousers and pulled out his manhood.

"Oh," exclaimed Will. "Oh you're - oh."

Hannibal was uncut, but growing rapidly hard in Will's hand. The member was girthy and veiny, and Will felt a thrill shoot through him at the feel of it in his hand - warm and alive. Not plastic like a toy, or cold like before Hannibal had fed on him. Wrapping a second hand around the base, Will bent to lick at the head, where it was growing shiny. A salty taste exploded into his mouth, and Will sighed happily.

"I like it," he remarked. "I thought I would."

With that he set to work on Hannibal, licking and sucking in various patterns. He kept his hands on the man's member at first. Then he looked up at his face. Hannibal was sweating, noted Will with some surprise. And he had his fists clenched into the sheets. Will grinned up at him, around his mouthful, and then set himself to finding out if he really could fit most of a man's member into his throat.

Bedelia had laughed herself sick the first few times she'd instructed him to swallow toys. He gagged and cried and begged for mercy - and usually all it earned him was a whipping. Eventually he learned to swallow and let Mistress Bedelia fuck his face with a big toy. Sometimes she would do it just to help herself think, until Will could barely breathe and was crying.

Sucking and swallowing Hannibal down was a different story though. Will had to be extra mindful of his teeth, and the twitching of Hannibal's hips, as if he wanted to fuck into Will's mouth. Will wanted that too, so he craned his eyes up towards Hannibal's and bobbed his head enthusiastically. With a noise that was half moan, half roar, Hannibal began letting his hips move.

It was hard to take.

Will could feel his eyes tearing up, and started struggling to breathe. Unexpectedly, Hannibal pulled himself out of Will's mouth for a moment, and started tugging at his hair. Confused Will stared up at Hannibal, and mindlessly searched for his member with his mouth again.

"Keep it in your mouth," hissed Hannibal. "Don't swallow."

With the he grasped his member and fed only the head of it into Will's mouth. Will gave him another suck then, and a salty taste exploded into his mouth. It took a great deal of self-control not to drink it down, but Will was a well-trained slave.

He propped himself up on all fours and stared at Hannibal as he caught his breath. The vampire's brow was sweaty, his hair was disheveled, his face was red and he was struggling to catch his breath. Will couldn't be bothered hiding his smirk, even as he started to drool a little. He'd done that.

With a sudden burst of energy, Hannibal sat up and pressed two fingers against Will's lower lip.

"Open up just a little," ordered Hannibal. "Don't swallow."

Yes sir.

Unable to speak, Will dipped his head slightly. Hannibal pressed two fingers into his mouth then, making him drool. All Will could do was breathe through his nose, and look up at Hannibal's frenzied face. A whine escaped him.

Suddenly Hannibal was pulling Will up into another frenzied kiss. His mouth was devouring and the hand that had been at Will's mouth was now circling his hole. Will's member pressed forward into Hannibal, and then he wailed into the vampire's mouth as he was desperate to push back into his fingers. Hannibal moaned, then slipped his middle finger inside Will. It was tight and it burned but he was reaching towards the right spot.

"Come," ordered Hannibal into his mouth. "Will, come *now."*

And with a sob, Will did.

This time, Hannibal bit into his neck delicately, lapped at the blood. Will could feel the wound start to heal even as his hips were still pumping out his completion.

***

The two dozed for a long age.

At one point Will blinked his eyes open to see that Hannibal was facing him on his pillow, both of them laying on their sides.

"Would you stay here with me?" he whispered. "Could I keep you?"

Yes

Will drifted off back to sleep.

***

When he woke again he felt tense and anxious, and it didn't take long to discern the cause.

Mistress Bedelia and Count Lecter are speaking to each other in low, furious whispers.

"For goodness sake, Hannibal!"

Mistress Bedelia was hissing. Will cringed and dropped his eyes, only to find a comforting arm wrapped around him by Count Lecter. He leaned into the touch, grateful.

"You can't do whatever you please Hannibal! He's in a wrecked state - and he's meant to be given to Abel Gideon tonight!"

What? Will turned wide round eyes to Hannibal, confused. Abel Gideon was one of the most famous vampires in the area. Why would Will be given to him? Hannibal's eyes were hard, glaring back at Bedelia.

"No," he defied her. "Will should stay here. With me."

Mistress Bedelia began laughing darkly then.

"What did you think would happen when you purchased a human for one night - for such an outrageous sum Hannibal? One owned by my own Master? You, who barely feeds? People are curious! Must I remind you of these circumstances?"

What? Was this real? Will didn't want to be given away! He clung to Hannibal. This couldn't happen, he thought hysterically. He wanted to stay with Hannibal forever and - and what on earth was he thinking.

The vampire had only bought him for one night.

Will knew that.

"Did you glamor me again?" he demanded. "Hannibal?"

"Well, I wanted to see what would happen," sighed Hannibal. "Will, you've really got a rare gift."

Bastard.

"Come Bedelia, there must be a way for me to keep him," complained Hannibal. "You know how I hate to share."

"Hannibal. You'll be defying my Master Verger. I do hope you haven't already forgotten what the Verger dynasty is capable of."

The Count paused then, and began to look truly morose.. "But we had such a nice time," he complained again. "I don't want it to end."

Will found himself starting to chuckle. It was true actually. And somehow, he could tell the vampire meant it.

"Ah. Well I see you've finally taken my advice about trying to enjoy yourself Will," sighed Bedelia. Hannibal's face in reaction to that statement was vaguely offended, thought Will. "But I expect you in the car soon. Alone."

This last part was directed towards Hannibal, and added sharply. Bedelia began marching towards the bedroom door, then paused.

"And Hannibal," she added. "I am entirely serious when I tell you that this order came from my Master Verger. You can't defy him. No one can."

The two men were left alone then. Hannibal sighed. He bent and leaned his forehead against Will's.

"Parting is such sweet sorrow," he sighed. "And to send you into the arms of another. It pains me."

Hannibal paused, and cupped Will's chin again.

"You'll allow no one else to touch you," he said forcefully. "It isn't allowed."

Will just frowned. "Are you really trying to glamor me into doing something that will get me killed? I expected better of you Hannibal."

"Your resistance to being glamored is growing," replied Hannibal. He looked delighted, for a brief moment, before the pleasure was crushed once again. "Let me dress you to leave."

With a sigh, Will nodded. It was odd - it seemed like the bloodthirsty vampire's moods were more mercurial this day.

"What was drinking my blood like?" asked Will. "Was it - was it good?" He swung his feet to the floor, and allowed Hannibal to push him into a red sweater. "You seem different today."

"A good observation Will," replied the vampire. "Yes - what we feed on does affect us."

Count Lecter sighed, and pulled some soft pants onto Will's legs, pushing him back into his bed. "That's why I'm usually very careful about who I put into my body."

The vampire paused then, and pillowed his face into Will's lap for a moment. Will sighed and combed his fingers through Hannibal's hair. "Am I going to see you again?"

"Most assuredly," sighed Hannibal. "But - we must have patience."

With a sigh, the vampire rose and pulled Will from the bed. "Let me walk you to the door."

Will rose unsteadily to his feet. "Just - just let me in the en-suite first."

Hannibal nodded. Will padded over, and closed the door firmly behind him. He stared at his reflection. The bags under his eyes were dark, and despite Hannibal's best intentions, he had left many a mark on Will's neck. The face looking back at him could easily be a stranger.

With a sigh, Will finished in the washroom and exited to find Hannibal impeccably dressed. The two men began walking towards the front door, and turned to face each other at the exit. Hannibal's face looked melancholy, in spite of what Will could sense was an attempt to hide.

"Tell me Will," sighed the Count. "Just promise to be cautious. Don't tell anyone about your gift - you can't trust them."

He stepped closer. Will nodded, eyes locked on the vampire's face. Unexpectedly, Hannibal bent and caught Will's lips in a kiss. It was wet and hot, and Hannibal's fangs poked at Will's lip - with a gasp Will felt the taste of blood explode in his mouth and pressed closer to Hannibal.

For a long moment they stayed locked together.

Then with a regretful sigh, Hannibal placed his hands on Will's shoulder and broke the kiss. Pressed his forehead against his own and gripped the back of Will's neck.

"Go now," sighed Hannibal. "Although I'm sorely tempted to keep you here and doom us both."

That couldn't be that bad, thought Will. If he could stay with Hannibal. Feel more alive with the dead and speak freely at last.

But before he could voice the thought, Hannibal opened the door and hastily stepped away from the sunlight that spilled into his door. With a nod, Will stepped away from him.

Into the light.

Chapter End Notes

Ok so fair warning now, WIll is going to be passed around by vampire Masters in cruel fashion. It's just my artistic vision for this story.

Don't worry though, do you think Hannibal would let that go on for too long?

Actually ... nevermind.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

um. i blush at myself. please see notes if you like to see kink tags.

also if you don't like the will/abel thing, i'd suggest skipping to the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Riding in the back of Bedelia's car, Will looks at her in a new light.

She takes great pleasure in his humiliation. Part of it is her own frustration - she is a slave, the same as him. A high ranking one, but all humans are enslaved nonetheless. She had even ordered him to strip out of Hannibal's clothing before getting into the car. He'd stood bare naked in the drive as a few people walked by and tittered at the sight he made.

It had caused a ghost of a smile to flicker over her lips. But she'd let him keep the clothing. Perhaps he could sleep in it.

She glanced at him now in the back seat mirror.

"I do hope you did enjoy yourself last night Will. You're going to find yourself very much in demand now."

Her tone is cool as her blue eyes.

Oh.

Will drops his eyes to his feet and folds his hands in his lap. "Yes Mistress," he replies demurely. "I hope I can please them."

"You understand the consequences now for disobedience?"

"Of course Mistress."

"Just remember," sighs Bedelia as she turns the car into her home's driveway. "Try to enjoy it if you can."

***

Bedelia, thinks Will that night, is an even bigger sadist than he had previously thought.

The moment Will had been brought to Gideon's home, the vampire had ordered him to drop to his knees. He'd made a very leisurely exploration of Will's body, tugging at his hair, his piercings, slapping his bottom - all while ordering Will to choke on his cock. All in his

enormous front hallway. All in front of a retinue of servants, who were alarmingly attentive to the proceedings. Will was grateful at least, that the man seemed mainly interested in using his mouth.

Judging my the condition of some of the household slaves, Abel Gideon was a very thirsty vampire.

Their thighs, their necks - it was clear only humans with a strong constitution survived Gideon's household.

Try to enjoy yourself, Mistress Bedelia's advice echoed through his mind. *As much as you can.*

Abel Gideon is one of the most respected vampires of Baltimore, and there shall be Hell to pay if anyone should forget that for even one moment. He is a King in his tiny Kingdom - his household. It's unbearable.

On the upside, thinks Will, glaring into Gideon's lap, this singlemindedness makes him very easy to read. And very easy to please.

"Baby, Darling, you're not feeling uncomfortable down there, are you?"

Gideon asks this in a mocking sotto voice, while he thrusts his hips back and forth into Will's throat. He's got Will tucked under the dinner table on all fours, with his cock lodged deep in Will's throat. Household members and family patter around him as if he is a non-entity.

Yes, thinks Will. *I haven't had a chance to stretch out in hours.*

Instead he presses his hard cock against Gideon's leg and humps like a dog while he tries to gag himself even harder on Gideon's cock. It's a nice cock at least. Fat and straight, but not too long. Gideon lets out a satisfied noise and Will tries to ride the pleasure reflected back at him. Pride at the display Will is making of himself in front of the entire household, a flash of lust for the pretty thing, an ease in dominance that against his better judgment - Will is enjoying.

"You're just so naughty," scolds Gideon. "Trying to hump up against me like a dog. Maybe I should make you a dog."

Will forces his mouth to make some whimpers that sound afraid.

Footsteps are sounding out around the dining room table, and Will realizes that dinner is being served. A flash of nausea rolls through him at the thought of what vampires might have at their dinner tables and he tries to pull up a bit to breathe.

"Naughty, naughty Will," sighs Gideon. "You don't want to end up being punished, do you? You, the punished one, how does it feel?"

"No," comes a dull sounding answer. "He doesn't want to end up punished. It feels bad."

"So what should he do to stop that from happening, you detestable scum?"

"Keep sucking like a good boy," comes the dull answer. "Like a good boy."

Gideon is making this human woman sit in the same spot at the dinner table as his ex wife. The wife he killed while still a human. The rest of them - they were young vampires. That wife was the meal. It was stomach-churning.

Will hears the same hint of forcefulness in Gideon's voice that Hannibal had attempted to use on him. Gideon was careless and excessive when he glamored the people around him - Will had been thankful he'd caught on quickly. He'd affected a glazed expression and attempted to mirror the mannerisms of the house slaves - and Gideon's poor substitute wife. Otherwise he might have been in for a worse fate than trying to choke himself on Gideon's cock.

A small part of himself welled up with gratitude that Bedelia had trained his throat to stop gagging years ago. At the time he had just been grateful that he wouldn't be cropped again that night but now - he pressed his nose down into Gideon's dark pubic hair - it was useful.

The family of vampires continued their meal above him, while Will knelt on all fours underneath the table and worked his throat around Gideon's cock. Thankfully the vampire didn't get very hard - even though he was warm. His family and servants provided a constant supply of food, Will realized. That poor miserable un-wife of his was covered in scars.

It seemed odd that Hannibal didn't eat more, worried Will. Was there perhaps something hindering his appetite?

The thought made him anxious and he realized he'd given Gideon an extra hard suck at the sound of his hiss.

"Dinner's over," announced Gideon. "No thanks to this slut down here."

Will froze for a moment, but started dutifully bobbing his head. Hopefully Gideon would just berate him for a bit - he had plenty of other people to eat!

No such luck though.

Gideon sat up and dragged him out from under the table by his hair.

"You watch football?" he asked. "Ah nevermind - you won't get a good view from where you'll be sitting."

Will was darkly amused to see that Gideon wasn't joking. As human servants and Gideon's family rushed to clean up the dinner plates, the two men retired to a den where Gideon put on a football game on a very large screen TV.

"The old football game just hasn't been the same since vampires started eating the losers," sighed Gideon. "But that's the price of progress I suppose."

He sat down on an overstuffed couch and pushed Will down to his knees again. At least this time he was kneeling on carpet though.

"Suck," he ordered. "And arch your back a little - I want to get at that sweet ass of yours."

Will did as he was told, and found his reward was a hand slapping his ass. It was paternalistic, it was condescending, it was making him rock hard.

"You're a little slut aren't you," asked Gideon. He sounded half asleep. "Let's feel that cock."

Against Will's better sense, his cock had actually stayed hard all day. It hadn't been his fault, he reasoned. Gideon drank so much blood all the time he was almost like a regular human - and besides. He may as well try to enjoy himself. Gideon had a very nice cock.

It was a bit boring at times, nothing like Hannibal but - there he'd gone and started sucking at Gideon more enthusiastically when Hannibal entered his mind. Will scolded himself - stop letting thoughts of the Count intrude!

"Hmph," snorted Gideon. "Just like I thought. Total slut."

To Will's surprise, Gideon started stroking him. "Are you turned on?"

Will made a noise of appreciation into Gideon's lap. He snorted derisively. "Such a worthless slut. I bet you just love humping anyone who buys you."

Only one so far.

Instead, Will whined a little.

Suddenly, he found himself flipped onto his back and staring Gideon in the face.

"You just love this don't you," he said forcefully. "You'll do anything it takes just to please me. Slut."

Will nodded in terror. Gideon was trying to glamor him, he realized. It - it just didn't do anything. Felt like less than a scratch at his mind after what Hannibal had done with so much less.

"Anything," he said in a soft voice. "Please."

"Mmm," sighed Gideon. "I think I will drain you. Be well worth the fine - you smell delicious."

Then he bit down onto Will's neck.

His teeth were hard and unmoving and Will wailed.

Think.

"You fuck me so good daddy," he blurted out. "Give it to me hard. Spank me, I've been bad."

What.

It did the trick though. Gideon was coming in long spurts across Will's stomach at those words. He extracted his fangs from Will's neck.

"My my, you are delicious," he sighed. "That was *very* good of you. Be a real shame to waste all this ass."

He smacked Will's rump again.

"Have you been bad?" demanded Gideon. "Have you been a naughty little slut."

"Yes," whispered Will. It was true, he had. He spread his legs a little to show Gideon he was hard. "I'm so sorry, I've been bad."

Gideon chuckled, and pulled Will up by the hair, only to push him over his knee. Will inhaled deeply, trying to brace himself.

"Say thank you," chided Gideon. "And if you forget, it won't go well for you."

With that he braced one hand against Will's shoulders and raised the other one high in the air. Will sucked in a deep breath as he felt the hand come crashing down onto his bottom and wailed loudly as it made an impact.

"Thank you!" he gasped.

"Very good for now," sighed Gideon. "Keep it up."

The vampire started cracking hard spanks onto Will, alternating cheeks.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you," chanted Will. "Thank you!"

Gideon pauses then to knead at the flesh of his bottom and Will moans loudly. "I'm so bad," he whimpers. His hips suddenly start moving. "Please, I'm so bad."

This causes Gideon to burst out laughing, and he gives Will one last spank before shoving him off his lap, onto the floor. Will curls up and tries to catch his breath, hands clutching in vain at his red bottom.

"You little slut," sighs Gideon. "Should have known you'd like that. Now get back down there," he ordered, gesturing at his lap. "It won't suck itself."

Gideon laughed loudly at his own joke, then turned up the volume on his TV.

Ridiculous man.

By the time morning came, Will felt like a zombie. His throat was raw and bruised, and so were his knees. Bedelia's cool features even creased in momentary concern as she bundled him into her car.

The drive home felt eternal.

Bedelia soothed his cuts and bruises, and sighed in dismay at the sight of his ass. She washed his hair perfunctorily, then told him to go to bed early. Will nodded, feeling cold and shaky.

When he reached his quarters inside Bedelia's home, he paused in confusion. His bed had been torn apart, his few possessions were scattered around the room. When he turned around - oh Lord.

He wasn't alone.

Hannibal was sitting on the edge of his bed with his forehead dropped into his hands, a picture of utter misery.

Just as suddenly as he appeared, he was in front of Will, looming over him.

"What did you do to me Will," demanded the vampire. "Why am I like this? Have you bewitched me?"

His eyes were blazing in the darkness. Will gasped and clutched at his arms.

"Hannibal - what are you doing! You can't just come in here! They'd have you killed!" He hissed this in a low voice. "Just go now and they won't catch you!"

"Let them come," snarled Hannibal. "I would make a feast of their beating hearts. Anyone who denied you to me."

With that, he pulled Will towards him and wrapped him up in a tight embrace. With a sigh, Will wrapped his own arms around the man but -

"This is dangerous Hannibal," he whispers. "If you leave now, you can escape undetected."

A clatter erupts in the hallway.

"Oh it's too late for that," a voice sounded out. Georgia was leaning in Will's doorframe. "What are we going to do now? You'll get us all in trouble."

"You are going to go back to your room and sleep," snarled Hannibal. "You saw no one tonight. It was boring."

Georgia nodded with a blank expression and turned on her heel to leave.

Will stared up at Hannibal in fright.

"That looked easy," he observed. "You didn't use much effort. And she's usually rather determined."

"It is easy for me Will -I am talented among vampires." Hannibal's face was still livid. "So tell me now - what did you do to me? Thoughts of you have tormented me all evening. Your face. Your fair countenance - and your voice."

"Oh!" Will felt himself start to blush. Ridiculous of him really. "I-I've been thinking of you too," he admitted. "Even when I didn't want to. But Hannibal - my things!"

The icy features of the vampire seemed to relax then, and he glanced around Will's room, shamefaced. "I'll buy you a better one," he offered. "Those books barely even smelled like you. It just made me feel worse."

"Smelled like me - Hannibal!"

Will screwed up his hands into fists and sat down on his bed. "Hannibal, I'm so glad to see you." It was true. His heart was pounding. "But you can't just break in here to see me. That's not how it works."

"Au contraire Will," sighed Hannibal. He slunk over next to the man and sat next to him on his bed. "I can, and I shall. Often, if I must."

Will found himself starting to smile. The vampire was incorrigible! "You want to come see me often?"

"As possible," sighed Hannibal. He sat next to Will and wrapped him up in his arms. Unfortunately, having such long limbs, he managed to snag a few of Will's sore spots, and Will flinched. Hannibal sat up again, alarmed. "Will? Did I hurt you?"

"No," admitted Will. "I'm just - well, don't be angry."

"I don't know that I could be angry with you Will," sighed Hannibal. He gazed at Will with round eyes. "It seems impossible."

"I'm just a little sore from what Gideon did to me," admits Will. "It was mostly boring but-"

Hannibal leaps up from the bed and flies across the room. He snarls, picks up one of Will's books and throws it to the ground.

"Hannibal!" cries Will. "You said you wouldn't be angry!"

"I said I wouldn't be angry with *you* Will," corrects Hannibal, eyes blazing once again. "Impossible to remain calm in this situation."

"Well then - be angry but leave my books. I don't have many."

Hannibal stares at Will, his chest heaving. Will locks eyes with him, glaring back fiercely. What Hannibal does next shocks Will entirely. He raises his wrist to his own fangs and cuts a nick into it, then stalks back to Will, offering his hand.

"Drink William," he orders. "You'll heal faster."

Will is shocked. He's never heard of such a thing.

"Won't I hurt you?" he asks, doubtful. "I don't want to. I'll be fine by morning. It's just a few bruises and you did worse yourself."

This was the wrong thing to say, since it tears a ragged noise from Hannibal and causes him to push even closer into Will.

"Drink Will," demands Hannibal. "Please. Indulge me and do this."

There is a long moment where their eyes meet.

Will is resistant.

Hannibal is pleading.

Well, one lick won't hurt, reasons Will.

He stretches out a pink tongue to Hannibal's offered wrist, then before he knows it, he had grasped Hannibal as hard as he can and is sucking hard from the wrist vein.

Just one drop of Hannibal's blood renders him delirious.

The rush of blood hits his stomach with a dizzying intensity he can only compare to a pale reflection of the finest wines. It's intoxicating. It's ambrosia. It's pushing all the pain out of his body and replacing it with euphoria. Will feels a rush of giddiness that makes him want to laugh, even as he's chasing the last few drops from Hannibal's wrist where the wound closes up.

Pity. Will never wanted to stop drinking. It made him feel strong and ferocious …and hot.

Will gasps with pleasure and draws himself back to look at Hannibal who is brighter now, his beauty flaunting itself, flagrant in the moonlight. Sandy hair falls into his black eyes. With a happy sigh Will reaches towards his cheek. Hannibal presses into the touch, so encouraged, Will pushes him down onto his bed.

It's all a bit too much.

"I'm better now," coughs Will. "You can - you can go away. Go, it's better for you that way."

He is a slave. For now he may have turned the Count's head but - could it last? It doesn't seem possible.

Hannibal is prone underneath him when Will tells him to go. Somehow, he still seems to make an effort to leave Will's bed. Contrary to what Will had just said, his body disagrees and he clenches his thighs around Hannibal and finds himself infuriated at the vampire's attempt to leave.

He locks eyes with the vampire again. They are dark, liquid, beseeching. Begging Will.

"But if you want to stay, you may only hold me while I rest," decides Will. "Don't make any lascivious demands. Leave before anyone finds you in the morning."

"As you wish," answers Hannibal. "Anything."

Will arranges the vampires arms around him comfortably in his bed, and lays down. Hannibal doesn't move and Will tries to concentrate on his own breathing. The beating of his heart, the beading of his sweat. The signs that he's alive.

"Did you really think of me?" he asks Hannibal, just as the two drift to sleep. "All the whole time?"

"Always," whispers Hannibal into his ear. "Rest now."

There is danger all around and he should not rest.

But.

Contented for the moment, Will does.

Chapter End Notes

there is spanking, verbal humiliation centering around will being called a slut, daddy kink

i hope you have fun reading this!

Chapter 6

Will awakens from his dream sweating.

The dream only leaves him with fleeting images of bodies and sweat and salt in his mouth - and a strong sense of hunger. But when he blinks his eyes open, he's still in his same old room. Except now - Hannibal is standing at the end of his bed, staring at him with eyes like coal. Will stretches out his arms over his head and then starts to bend towards him in supplication.

"No William," comes the low voice. "Stay in bed."

Blinking, Will stares at Hannibal in confusion. Why would Hannibal want him to stay in bed?

Hannibal acts even more strangely then. His mood shifts so quickly. He pulls off his white shirt, before around the bed to where Will is sitting up. The Count noses along his neck and shoulder, and Will sighs happily. It's a nice feeling that dream-Hannibal is giving him.

Then he reaches over to Will's chest and pinches very hard at his left nipple.

Will yelps loudly, then claps both hands over his mouth. His piercings, that he loathes, intensify the feel of Hannibal's rough treatment. To his horror, tears spring to his eyes and he looks up at Hannibal in anger.

"Why would you do that Hannibal," he hisses. "I told you I hate them - you said I could speak freely and - why!"

The route Hannibal has decided upon to silence Will's objections is to start rolling his nipple again. Will sucks in his breath as Hannibal's very competent hand starts pulling and pinching at him again. It's not bad really. Just then Hannibal's hand switches to a gentler motion and starts soothing him in circles. Will presses forward with a gasp. He looks up at Hannibal with a smile, and reaches for the vampire's other hand to be placed on his chest.

"Maybe they aren't that bad," he gasps out.

Hannibal's face is softening.

"So wanton," he sighs. "Is this only for me?"

"Yes!" Will feels anxious to reassure Hannibal suddenly. "It's not the same with -"

Words failing him, Will just tries to press his head into Hannibal's lap again. To his great chagrin, Hannibal presses a finger against his forehead though, to stop him. He makes a tutting noise.

"Greedy, greedy Will," he sighs. "What shall I do with you."

To Will's shock, Hannibal starts to tug down the trousers he'd been wearing. It can't have been comfortable to sleep in a suit but - oh. He's hard. Will licks his lips and looks up at Hannibal pleadingly.

"Sit back Will," sighs Hannibal. "Now look up - yes like that."

The vampire lets out a loud moan of satisfaction and wraps a hand around himself, and very slowly strokes along his length. Will is shocked at his own offense. Another noise of protest escapes from his mouth and he reaches forward with his hands again.

"No Will," comes Hannibal's stern voice. He starts to stroke himself more briskly then. "Keep your hands by your side - or you may stroke your nipples as I did."

Will should hate it. Hannibal is trying to make him enjoy - something he hates - but instead a bolt of arousal hits him like lightning.

"Yes Sir," he breathes out. He leans his head backwards in a way that exposes his neck, then reaches up to grasp his nipples. Hannibal makes a moaning noise as Will's eyes meet his and he starts to circle his nipples. The dark haired man sucks in a breath, and then bites down hard on his lip. "It's good."

Working up his courage once again, Will presses his thumbs and forefingers together then finds a high pitched noise escaping his mouth. Hannibal surges forward again and instead of letting Will meet him, presses his long legs against Will's shoulders in a way that walks him back against his bed until he is half prone, propped up on tangled blankets and pillows. All this time, he keeps stroking himself with a firm grip. Will is almost hypnotized by the rhythmic motion of his hand over his member, the way the skin is looser there than Will's.

"Keep your hands as they are Will," orders Hannibal. "You are flushed. Enjoying this. You are exquisite, truly. "

"Yes," admits Will. He's rubbing slowly, in circles now. Still staring up at Hannibal, still biting his lip. "Of course I am."

Hannibal throws his head back then and starts breathing a bit more heavily.

"You can put your forehead against my hip Will," announces Hannibal. He leans back. "But if you try to touch more there will be consequences."

Eager, Will bounces up from where he to press the side of his forehead against Hannibal's hip. He looks up at Hannibal and deliberately pinches hard at himself, gasping out a whine onto Hannibal's member. A ripple goes through Hannibal's body, and then he's pulling at Will's hair, pressing himself against Will's face. Will closes his eyes quickly, and then whines. Hannibal denies him though, and chooses to finish just rubbing against Will's lips instead of in his mouth.

He trembles for a moment, then his hips are pumping, he's pulling at Will's hair and Will is making high, short sounds, digging his nails into himself so he doesn't reach for Hannibal. Will feels the liquid splash at him. The hand in his hair starts digging harder then.

There is a long pause while Hannibal catches his breath. Then his thumb moves over Will's cheek and presses for a moment at his lips.

"I do hope you won't consider this a lascivious demand Will."

Will finds himself sucking on Hannibal's fingers and laughing.

"I rescind that remark Hannibal," he chuckles. "Make your demands."

Still sucking gently on his fingers, Will leans against the man's flank. He feels contented, warm. Willing to let Hannibal turn him onto his stomach and run strong fingers along his spine, against his shoulders. Kneading into him, even as he pushed his knees up. Will was hard. It wasn't an urgent demanding arousal, but he couldn't comfortably lean forward against the sheets. Hannibal's hands dipped down accordingly, and dug into the meat of his rump forcefully. Will whined, arousal warring in him again, and he was shocked to hear Hannibal's ragged breath.

A kiss landed at the bottom of his spine and Will arched his back into it. Strong thumbs spread him apart, and Will dropped his head down onto his wrists.

"Tell me," hissed Hannibal's voice in a growl. "Tell me how it feels."

Words escaping him, Will just made a loud keening noise and pushed back onto where the vampire was kissing down towards his hole. Those lips made a circular motion that reminded Will of what had happened to his nipples earlier, and he found his hand wandering to tug at his piercing. Hannibal licked all along him in a broad stroke then, and Will whined. His cock felt heavy between his legs, throbbing. But he'd been ordered to only touch his piercings. Those broad fingers pressed into him again, and Will leaned back feeling as wanton as could be.

"Please," he begged. "Please Sir, let me-"

And Hannibal was merciful for once but his hand was cruel as he pierced into Will, straight to where he felt the most pleasure.

"Yes," he gasped out. "That's good."

At the last moment Hannibal's hands gentled and Will let out a few soft gasps as he came. It felt joyful. It felt like coming home.

Hannibal nipped at him, then rolled Will onto his chest again and buried his nose into Will's curls.

"Thank you Sir," whispered Will into his chest. "You are kind."

"I would love to take you where I could luxuriate in you for hours, for weeks at a time." Hannibal combed at Will's hair with his fingers. "There is one place in the Italian countryside I long to show you. I would make love to you with the windows wide open, the moonlight dappling your skin."

Will blinked.

"You can't though," he whispered. "I'm stuck here and - and they won't give me to you."

"Yet," replied Hannibal swiftly. "Not yet. Sleep again, Will."

***

Will woke that morning feeling exhausted. He was also alone.

Georgia had come to fetch him in the morning, scolding him for sleeping late. Sleepwalking through his morning ablutions, Will found his mind drifting back towards Hannibal.

It was sheer madness.

If he were caught with a stranger in his bed, Will would be eaten, simple as that. The justice system for vampires was rather nasty, brutal and short, from the little Will knew. But he shuddered to think of Hannibal being punished by the farcical courts of the Verger family.

Bedelia was stone faced as he brought her her coffee, her toast and fruit.

It wasn't unusual that she would be lost in an odd mood, but when Will knelt by her, she gripped his hair tightly.

"Gideon is very pleased with you," she informed him. "It's a surprise indeed. Most humans in your position from yesterday were promptly eaten."

She pauses for a moment, then pulls him to his feet. Will staggers backwards, even before the slap lands on his right cheek.

"I'm not a fool Will," she hisses. "You've had company in your bed. You've no bruises. Your sheets stank of lust. Though you may not be able to refuse his attentions, if you fail to be discreet you'll sign a death warrant for this entire household."

Will cringed and dropped to his knees.

"I'm sorry mistress," he begged. "I didn't do anything - he didn't do anything!"

Bedelia won't believe him, Will knows. But it wouldn't do to give himself away.

"Let me apologize," he begs. "I've been wanton. Give me the humbler."

For a moment Will thinks Mistress Bedelia is about to slap him again.

"No you may not have the humbler," she hisses. "You've been put to auction. You're expected to be available for sale and in good condition."

Will drops his gaze. Her disappointment is stinging. It's been years that Will's life has revolved around pleasing Mistress Bedelia. He still hasn't accomplished the task. Tears prick at his eyes then, so Will blinks and lets them fall. Bedelia begins to speak then.

"We had a human slave a few years back who indulged himself with one of the housemaids here. Even though one of Mistresses of the Verger household had granted him her favor. When they were caught the housemaid was torn apart. The human slave was turned, just to be let out in the sun."

The tale is one Will has heard before, but it chills him more now.

At last Mistress Bedelia pushes away her coffee with a scowl.

"You're to entertain at a large social function tonight Will. A well-respected Doctor Chilton wishes to indulge in your company."

She steeples her fingers.

"See that nothing prevents you from being most entertaining."

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

medical kink, alcohol poisoning, uh, mason in general...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Mistress Bedelia shaves Will's entire body to prepare him for Chilton.

"He has certain tastes," she sighs looking over Will. "Do attend well to him. He is a young vampire, but chasing connections with determination."

Will rubs a hand against his face nervously, as he walks out to the car. He'd almost managed to grow a layer of scruff there, and it had made him feel less naked.

***

That isn't a feeling that last long of course.

Chilton appears in the foyer as Will is being led into his house. He exclaims loudly over Will's appearance "You're a dreadful mess! I'll have to fix you up at once!"

"The dungeon sir?" asks one of the guards.

"No, no not tonight," fusses Chilton. He rubs a hand over Will's face and then rests it on his chest. Any relief Will had felt at hearing that he would not be brought to a dungeon is dispelled by Chilton's next words. "Bring him to my laboratory."

The guards pull him along to a room in the basement that looks partly like a regular doctor's office. Only partly because Will isn't too sure about how a regular doctor's office looks these days. But he's fairly sure the rack of whips, crops and nipple clamps isn't de rigeur.

He stands in the middle of the room, uncertain. One of the guards had put him in a skimpy medical gown before leaving.

"Ah Will," greets Chilton as he enters in scrubs. "How are you today?"

Will blinks a moment taking it all in.

"Well enough, Doctor Chilton," he answers. "But I do have one problem."

"Ah yes Will," sighs the Doctor as he snaps on some gloves. "I'm well aware of your problem. But we'll need to do a full physical examination to rule out any other possible causes. Do sit down on the table Will."

Will crosses over to the table and sits. Doctor Chilton makes a pleased noise and starts checking his ears with an instrument. He taps Will on the lips.

"Say ah," he orders. The tongue depressor taste like flat wood and Will's thighs feels sticky against the cool vinyl of the table. "Very good," approves Chilton. "Just a little more in there - ah yes, that's very good indeed."

Chilton introduces his fingers into Will's mouth then, and rubs around. Will is a bit startled by the gesture - Hannibal has done it to him fairly often - but Chilton's touch is clinical. The detachment reminds him of Bedelia, and he opens his mouth a little wider. Eager to please. Chilton's fingers push back into his throat, so Will swallows rather than letting himself be gagged.

"Good, good," says Chilton in an approving tone. It warms Will. "Now just hop up for a moment, there, that's good. How high can you stretch out? I see, now try to touch your toes."

Will complies and finds the hospital gown doing little to preserve his modesty as he hooks his index fingers around his big toes.

"Lovely," sighs Chilton from behind him. "Now see if you can't press your palms to the floor. Oh that's very good Will, stay like that."

It's a good thing he's stuck to his regimen of calisthenics, thinks Will. Mistress Bedelia was correct about vampires enjoying it, if Chilton's heavy breathing was to be believed.

"Up again, slowly now," comes his voice once again. "I'll need to check your heart now."

Chilton gave Will's chest a thorough examination, pressing here and there. He tweaked at Will's nipples, and Will let out a groan.

"Hmm," sighed Chilton. "It's just as I suspected. What are we to do about this naughtiness?"

Will's cock is grasped in a firm grip then. "Do you often get erections?"

Blushing, Will nods. It isn't entirely coyness - something about the clinical attitude is succeeding in making him feel rather naughty.

"I suppose you play with yourself then," sighs Chilton.

"Please don't tell Mistress Bedelia," blushes Will. "I'd surely be punished."

"There's no avoiding that," sighs Chilton. He is rubbing some lubricant onto an ungloved hand. "Now bend over."

Will settled onto the vinyl with trepidation but Chilton just presses the cool finger into him and rubs methodically. Despite himself, Will feels his body heating up.

"No abnormalities here, that's very good," announces Chilton. "Now tell me, do you enjoy being touched here often? Do you touch yourself there?"

"Yes," admits Will. "I like it very much." He gasps as Chilton starts moving his fingers in a fucking motion. "As often as I'm allowed."

"And how is the volume of your emission?"

What?

A heavy hand comes crashing down on the meat of his bottom then. "I asked you a question," snarls the vampire. "Answer me."

"It's - it's not good enough," blurts out Will. "Mistress Bedelia says I'm useless after the third round. When she does this to me."

Chilton lets out a short huff of laughter then. It puffs wetly against Will's shoulder. His fingers speed up then and Will finds himself rocking back against them.

"That's good, keep going," encourages Chilton. "Go on, fuck yourself."

The obscenity is unexpected but it sends a thrill through Will's body. He complies with Chilton's encouragement, and rides his fingers. Just as Will starts to come, Chilton pulls his body at an odd angle and Will gasps as he comes all over Chilton's shoes.

"Oh we can't have that," sighs the doctor. "Go on clean it up."

Trembling, Will look around the room. What was he supposed to clean with? Did Chilton want him doing household chores after all?

"On your knees Will," chides Chilton.

Oh.

Of course.

Trembling slightly, Will gets on all fours and presses his tongue against the floor. He laps up his seed, fighting a flush that is breaking out all over his body.

"Oh that's lovely," sighs Chilton. "Lick it all up now. Yes, from my shoes too. Don't miss a spot."

Face burning Will stares up at the vampire.

"Beautiful indeed," sighs Chilton. "No wonder everyone's tongues were wagging about what a prize you are."

It sends a bolt of anxiety through Will. Chilton doesn't seem to notice though, and just begins to exit the room, snapping his fingers at some guards outside.

"You'll look even better when I'm fucking you in front of everyone at the party tonight," he calls over his shoulder. "I'm positively dying of excitement. Now Stacey - see that you dress him nice!"

Although he felt frozen to the floor, Will allowed the servants to pick him up and take him away to be dressed.

Just try to enjoy it.

But for this particular act, Will wasn't so sure he could.

***

Will blinked as Master Chilton tugged on the leash attached to the collar at his neck.

They had exited the limousine and were walking up a red carpet. Will felt terrified watching the flash bulbs go off. For a moment he felt glad Master Chilton had decided to dress him in some skintight leather shorts. At least that preserved what for Will, was a semblance of modesty. Master Chilton stopped and talked to each person wielding a camera, and posed for pictures. Again, Will felt relieved he didn't need to do anything more creative than lower his gaze and look at his feet- just as Bedelia had trained him.

After the red carpet, they lingered for ages inside a reception area. Master Chilton spoke in feigned tones about all sorts of dramatic issues. Dramatic to who, Will didn't know. People who don't know what's right for them, according to Chilton.

The collar chafed him.

Master Chilton had every right to put it on him for the night - but it was blatantly just for show. Will supposed he should be grateful Master Chilton wasn't throwing him on his hands and knees to be fucked straight away. The main ballroom of the party had a golden gilt ceiling and mirrored walls. The back rooms were plentiful though, and there were plenty of darkened corners. From what Will glimpsed in some of the back rooms, other slaves weren't so lucky. They were thrown into prone positions, some even servicing many vampires - not just one.

Will didn't think he had that much blood inside him anymore. Not enough to satiate more than one monster.

The sense of gratitude wore off into a sense of baffled irritation as the evening wore on. Master Chilton was almost entirely uninterested in touching Will's body - just showing him off. All of vampire high society was in attendance at this - what an odd charity - charity ball.

Frontier Relief Fund. What a meaningless phrase.

In some ways, Will almost longed for a ball gag for his mouth. It would have surely prevented him from expressing any of the displeased noises that threatened to emerge from his mouth. This wasn't aided by the fact that Chilton had plugged him and left the toy on a low vibration setting.

Will felt another tug against his collar then, and followed Master Chilton with a gaze of total supplication.

"Hannibal! So good to see you old chum!"

No, it couldn't be. Will stumbled over his feet, then looked up to see familiar eyes trained on him. He dropped his gaze back down to his feet and felt a flush start. What would Hannibal think of him.

"Chilton," greeted Hannibal. "Go get drunk. Get insensibly drunk. Vomit and make a human carry you home. Get so drunk you'll never be able to use our good friend Will."

This was said with incredible force.

Will cringed back from it. Several of the people surrounding them all suddenly began remarking that they were desperate for another drink.

"Of course Hannibal," agreed Chilton. "I'm going to go get another drink now. Would you like one?"

What on *earth.*

"No thank you Chilton," replies Hannibal. "Now why don't you hand over the leash to this lovely human. It will just slow you down as you go to the bar."

"Very good idea Hannibal," agrees Chilton. "Always the clever one."

Will stares at Hannibal in shock as Chilton hands over the lead and races towards the bar. The doctor is handed a large glass of whisky and drinks deeply.

"Don't you think," whispers Will in a low tone. "That was a tad obvious."

"Not at all," sighs Hannibal into his ear, standing close. "Even before that idiotic Gideon turned him he was an enormous lush at times. No one shall think it is strange. Besides," he adds, shifting even closer to Will. "Do you wish to end up where I abandoned my own date for the evening? I believe this is what Chilton has planned for you."

Will's entire body tenses and his stomach drops. Hannibal starts herding him a few steps.

"What?" hisses Will. "Are you just - are you just mocking me?"

"Now Will," scolds Hannibal. He cups Will's chin and points his head eighty degrees. "I don't think it would suit you, though Antony certainly doesn't mind."

The sight that Hannibal has directed Will's eye-line towards is a bit much to take in at once. Will had been aware that some of the human slaves at the social event had been put to work servicing vampires. That that is what Chilton planned for him. But this room in particular contains a more salacious scene than the others.

A dark haired and blue eyed human man is servicing two vampires. One is behind him, grinding away as hard as he can, fangs deep in his neck. The other is leaning over his lap, sucking away at a gouge in his femoral artery. The man doesn't seem at all terrified by his position though. His head is tipped backwards in an expression of ecstasy and groans fall freely from his mouth. Fascinated, Will takes a step towards him, just as the man looks up. The two lock eyes.

And Will looks at him.

Ecstasy. Pleasure. Searing hot through his veins. Burning all the pain away. But it's never enough. More ecstasy. More pleasure. Soaring heights ...

A cough sounds in his ear and he finds Hannibal looking at him with a wry expression. Will is flushed, suddenly more aware of his plug. He steps closer to Hannibal, looks up at him through his lashes.

"You brought a date?" he asks. "I didn't expect that. Of you."

It's ludicrous, but

"A mere formality, I assure you. It wouldn't do to be too obvious about the fact that I am only at this event in order to see you Will." Hannibal's smile in response to Will's question fades away quickly. "Ah. And here is your companion for the evening."

"Willy!" cries Chilton. He slings an arm around Will's shoulders and noses into his neck. "How I've missed you."

A strong smell of alcohol has Will's eyes watering. How on earth had Chilton managed to drink that much so quickly?

"Come on now Will," sighs Chilton. He grabs Will's leash and yanks on it hard enough that Will stumbles. "I'm going to have you now - oh but first I must say hello to Lady De Burg. Lady!"

Will finds himself being dragged by an enthusiastic Chilton to greet a rather stout and taciturn, elderly female vampire, dressed in Victorian style finery. He can't help but glance over his shoulder at Hannibal as he leaves, and sees a bereft expression flit across his face. It almost makes up for the way Chilton starts leaning on him as he walks about.

Lady de Burg doesn't appear to be impressed at all. So Chilton shoots a drink and gets another. He approaches a Lady Bracknell who responds much more kindly and sits with him at the bar. Sir Eric just walks off when Chilton approaches him. This doesn't seem to phase Chilton at all though, who has been quaffing more whisky than Will even thought physically possible.

To Will's horror, Chilton soon decides it is time to dance with him, and grinds up against him in the middle of the dance floor, singing along loudly to the song. As the song ends though, Chilton moves closer, and Will swallows.

"Will," breathes Chilton into his ear. "Will, come with me."

Hanging his head, Will follows his date who is now visibly swaying. The crowd of vampires mostly seem to respond by laughing behind their hands, but a few of the older and more glacial roll their eyes openly.

"Will I'm going to fuck you now," announces Chilton. His voice is just a bit too loud and Will cringes. "You're going to love it - just in here first."

Chilton goes barreling down a hall and into a restroom. It's well appointed and a household slave is demurely attending.

"Leave," chokes out Chilton to the slave. "Now."

The young woman complies. Chilton drops Will's leash then, and rushes into one of the stalls to vomit loudly.

"Oh my God," blurts Will, stunned. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine Willy," groans Chilton. "Be right out."

Will picks up his own leash and looks around, trying to look as though he is in complete control of the situation. If any other vampire should happen upon him - well he shudders to think. He follows Chilton over into the bathroom stall, where he is still vomiting, but not as profusely.

It's an awful thing Hannibal did. Even a vampire like Chilton could be hurt badly. Will tries desperately not to be too relieved.

But then to Will's alarm, he hears shoes clicking and the door closing. He turns around and there, looking as he did the first night Will met him, is Hannibal Lecter, perfectly composed.

He stalks towards Will and holds out his hand. After a moment, Will presses his leash into Hannibal's larger palm. Hannibal's eyes crinkle up happily.

"You're beautiful," he murmurs. "Even like this. The scent of another man clinging to you."

Chilton vomits noisily in the bathroom stall, and Will sighs.

"Is that what you do to people," he demands. "Chilton might have to be hospitalized." He quirks his lips. "It would be a pity."

"I could hardly allow him to touch you in front of all those people," sighs Hannibal. He reaches out a hand and strokes through Will's hair. "Unbearable."

Will steps closer, into the vampire's coolness. Tentatively, he reaches out a knuckle to Hannibal's stomach.

"You don't eat enough," he sighs. "Shall you come visit me again tonight?"

"No power on this earth could stop me," vows the vampire, face solemn. "Will I need to -"

"I want you tonight," blurts out Will. It has been weighing on his mind all night and now he finds the words pouring out of his mouth in a rush. "I mean, I want you to take me. Completely." Hannibal's expression is a bit dumbfounded so Will continues before he can lose all of his courage. "I've managed to avoid it so far - but Chilton wanted to do it to me tonight in front of everyone and I'd really rather it be you - I mean I actually want you to - so -"

Will pauses to catch his breath and finds himself being kissed.

Hannibal is plundering his mouth and pushing him hard against the wall. Will feels his body melting and molding against Hannibal's. He presses himself forward and Hannibal meets him there. Their mouths are gasping, Will wraps his arms around Hannibal and finds himself being hoisted into the air, back against the wall, legs wrapped around Hannibal's hips.

It's thrilling and he breaks their kiss to throw his head back and gasp.

"Mon cher," gasps Hannibal. "You are a gift. You are too beautiful to put into to words."

Will blinks down at Hannibal, feeling fuzzy. He tenses up as he hears the door slam open.

"Aw isn't that sweet," remarks the vampire who enters. "You two lovebirds remind me of some of the greats. I can't remember who though."

He is a diminutive man, with a face that would be attractive if it weren't so twisted up with cruelty. He's also flanked by a large squad of bulky guards. Instinctively, Will flinches backwards.

"Verger," greets Hannibal. He is very slowly setting Will down from his grip. "So good to see you."

Chilton lets out a groan from the bathroom stall where they've forgotten about him.

"Lecter," sighs Verger. "I see you're up to your old tricks. This is blatant theft of my property. And Gideon should have been in attendance tonight, you don't happen to know where he is, do you? Do you know where Gideon is Lecter?"

At that announcement Hannibal leans over Will, as if to shield him. He probably thinks he's being subtle, thinks Will hysterically. But what on earth has possessed him to defy Verger - who defeated humanity - the leader of the vampires?

"Let him go Hannibal," sighs Verger. "You know I can't guarantee he won't be hurt otherwise."

Instead of letting Will go, Hannibal just runs a hand along Will's cheek and presses their foreheads together.

"Look at me Will," snaps Verger, impatient now. "Get your pretty ass over here and hand me that leash of yours."

This is said with considerable force, and without thinking, Will looks over at Verger. Hannibal lets out a soft keen that sounds as though he's been wounded.

The glamor Verger is putting out claws at Will's mind. It's difficult enough to resist that he doesn't even need to fake the entirety of his glazed expression as he steps over to Verger and places the leash in his hand. It's better this way, he reasons. Hannibal won't get hurt.

It should be easy enough to please Verger.

"There we go," says Verger gleefully. He scratches a long horizontal line along Will's stomach. "We're going to have a nice time at my house, aren't we Will? And Lecter here is going to learn a lesson about appropriate behaviour, isn't he?"

Then again, maybe not.

"Oh I think I know who you two remind me of now," sighs Verger. He reaches out a nail and cuts at Will's cheek, then licks it up slowly. Hannibal's breath sounds out raggedly. "Romeo and Juliet, Tristan and Iseult … Bonnie and Clyde…"

Verger laughs.

"They all ended up dead, didn't they?"

The leader of the vampires pulls on Will's leash then and starts dragging him away from the scene. Verger makes a gesture towards his men and they rush forward at Hannibal. Tears start to flow out of Will's eyes then. Because Hannibal doesn't shout, doesn't yell.

All Will hears as he's dragged away by Verger, is a few thumps, crashes, and then the meaty sound of flesh being torn.

Chapter End Notes

bLibbity bloop my brain is soup.

it's been a weird past few days.

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

> to my shock...there's not much sex in this ... what can I say, I set it up and it didn't work out ....
>
> ...

Will felt a prick in his arm as he exited the ballroom.

"Oh … no…" he gasped. He turned to stare at Verger, eyes tearing up. "Please no," he says thickly, tongue already heavy in his mouth.

Just as he'd known it would be, Verger's face is gleeful at the sight of Will's tears. But soon the heavy darkness takes him and Will staggers down into the dark.

***

He awakens in a small cell.

Stone walls, small bed, large wooden door, he is not alone. It takes a moment to orient himself and the he sits up and glares accusingly at the man in the cell with him. Dark curly hair, a ring of bruises around his neck …. Oh.

"You were Lecter's *date,*" he says sullenly. "Those bodyguards took you as well."

"They most certainly did," says the man, in an altogether too cheerful tone. "I'm Anthony. And you?"

He reaches out a hand and Will takes it, fighting back a scowl. "Will."

"Now, now Will, don't sulk," chastises Anthony. "It doesn't suit you. Not that I don't see why Hannibal went and got himself in all sorts of trouble for your sake."

The compliment only bothers Will more. Who does this man think he is - with his airs and graces and oh no he must have touched Hannibal at some point and - then been glamored within an inch of his few remaining brain cells. Despite their dull surroundings the man's smile doesn't fade away, doesn't waver.

Will takes a deep breath. "Did … did Hannibal tell you to smile at some point last night?"

"Hm, him? No he barely paid attention to me. It was a bit insulting if I may be frank. The vampire from the night before was the one who told me to smile."

Anthony paused.

"Or maybe it was some other night. Who knows. I've obeyed so many orders by now I don't know where they end and I begin. Though I suppose it won't matter for much longer."

What?

Steeling himself, Will turns to Anthony. The man's smile doesn't drop from his face even as the words from his mouth grow sorrowful and strange.

"Most vampires only want your blood but Verger - he wanted to rule humanity. It was him who started the First Wave of vampire attacks. I'd been captured by him even back then … Used to have a good friend. Face like an angel. A vampire I used to follow around Italy before I even knew what he was. My love - my vampire friend - caught Verger's eye one night and then I just wish that was the last I had ever seen of him. They mutilated him. He was always melancholy but he was the only bright spot in -"

Here Anthony paused, his grin grew madcap and stretched his face even wider.

Will looked more closely and then found himself *looking.*

"No, just smile when you miss him, that's what he told me."

No more no more just let it all end there is nothing worse than this some sparks of pleasure no hatred hatred and misery and they tore his flesh they ate him all up they're eating us all up I saw what they did I saw it I saw it

I don't feel anything anymore since they told me to cheer up

It's terrifying and Will pulls himself back and finds his back against the wall of the cell. Anthony looks down at him then, and seems to notice that he's disturbed Will.

"Oh my," he sighs. He drops down on the cot next to Will. "Apologies. I do tend to go on if you let me. We won't be here much longer either way."

The next part is breathed into Will's ear. "Wouldn't you rather have a bit of fun?"

A hand lands on his knee then and Will stares at Anthony for a long moment before fully coming back into himself and pushing him back.

"Suit yourself then," sighs Anthony. "I suppose we just might as well try to sleep. I'd rather be well-rested when I'm torn apart by a starving vampire."

"A what?"

"He's got a load of them all chained up like wild dogs. Sometimes he gives them a vampire he's angry with if they're hungry enough to eat that. *Don't* make Verger angry. It might hurt less when he kills us."

Will doesn't know what to do with this knowledge. He'd just been so frightened for Hannibal's fate but now - "He's a monster," whispered Will.

"That they are," sighs Anthony. "They certainly are."

***

Will drifts off to sleep again soon.

It would embarrass him that he just surrenders to slumber in the face of distress, but whatever sedative they gave him is still working through his veins. He supposes that too, is why he feels only sullen resignation when he is pulled from the cell and dragged off to see Verger.

But when Will is dragged into the man's office and thrown at his feet, he is ignored.

Will is surprised but he just stays on his knees, until at last Verger looks up from whatever nefarious plan he's working on his laptop and sees Will.

"No, no, no!" he cries. "Not ready for him yet! We need to make this one a real whizz banger don't we? Just send him off to Margot. See if this one doesn't figure out a way to straighten her out, if he knows what's good for him."

He looks up at Will then, and Will looks back and reels for a moment at the sliver of cruelty in his eyes.

"Hang on, grab a syringe of blood from him first. I'll save it to drink it in front of Lecter.

With that, Will finds himself dragged away once more.

***

Margot is beautiful. Even when she cries.

Will had been sick with nerves as he entered her chamber. He was surprised to find her laying down in her bed though. She didn't rise to greet him, and the cause became apparent as Will realized there was a large, but half empty bottle of whisky on her bedside table, alongside some crushed up pills.

Instead she just rolled over and stared at him with a pout.

"You can have some whisky if you want," she offered. "It's the good stuff."

Blinking at her in confusion, Will tried to get a better look at her emotions.

Oh.

"That might be a good idea," agreed Will. "Shall I serve you as well?"

"Of course," sighed Margot. "Always."

Will poured them both two fingers of whisky, then paused.

"Sit on the edge of the bed if you like," invited Margot. "So, why is my darling brother out to get you?"

Her hair was falling into her face, and she was swirling her finger around in her bedsheets. Thinking of another, Will realized. Thinking of a lover - oh that was daring of her. To fall in love. Feeling welled up in his chest - sympathy for this vampire.

"I think I just amuse him," replied Will. "That or he just likes to play with other people's toys."

Margot snorted, a bitter laugh.

"I don't think he's seen a distinction in a few hundred years."

She pats the bed next to here. "Might as well get comfortable."

It surprises Will when she pushes him down and throws a leg over him as soon as he's finished his drink. He tries to look at her, to slow her down, but she's staring at a point in the ceiling and to Will's total horror, there are fat tears rolling down her lovely cheeks.

"Margot, stop," he asks her gently. "You don't have to."

"I do," she replies. "You know I do. They'll know if I don't. Do you think we're ever really alone? Do you think I have my free will?"

"That doesn't mean that you have to -"

"He wants me to get pregnant."

"What?"

What astonishes Will the most about this odd statement is how dull Margot's voice is, how she's resigned to her brother. The bizarre whims and temper tantrums of an angry child, but issued from a very powerful vampire.

"Um - how long have you been trying?"

As far as Will knows, the undead vampires are truly dead - it's incomprehensible.

"Can't even remember," muses Margot as she sips at her whisky. "Seems like it's been like this since I was a human. He was furious when I started spitting out blood from all the boys - it's like he thinks he's my father just because he made me a vampire."

Will lays back on his pillow and considers a moment. Verger is calling the shots in this room even if he is currently sitting at a large antique desk trying to finish a spreadsheet on how many people he can eat in Baltimore this year. The odd little creature has a very long reach.

But still.

Poor Margot.

"Would it help if I went and shaved first?" He rubs a hand over his stubble. "It's been a day at least I think. Probably more like a week and I know for me the stubble is - well I mean - it would just be more comfortable for you."

To his surprise, Margo bursts out laughing.

"That isn't really the way it works," she giggles. "But - but why not. I'll just shave you myself."

Will nods. "You might - well I don't know - but you might feel better if you tied me up first."

Margo is already halfway to the en-suite when she pauses. "I don't usually like to do the tying," she muses. "But I can make an exception here I suppose. Let's have a other drink first though"

Margot finishes her drink and Will's before moving to the bottle to pour out two more. Will sets his down on the table and watches as Margot picks up a pill to go with her own. She turns to him and smiles.

"Sit in that chair and don't move."

When she returns she's wrapped in a nicer robe than before and waving a crop in a threatening manner, taking big dramatic steps. It makes a pretty picture. Will grins at her encouragingly and she waves a finger at him. She's trying to school her face into a strict expression but keeps letting giggles escape.

"You've been a very bad boy," she announces. "And I'm going to punish you."

Will grins at her until she misses her mark and snags her crop into her hair. The leather implement is covered in rough suede braids that snare his curls and he lets out a loud yelp. Panicking, Margot starts to pull at the crop and nearly tugs out a large chunk of Will's hair.

"Stop!" he cries. "Leave it!"

Margot steps back and covers her mouth with her hand as her shoulders shake. "Sorry!" she gasps out between laughs. "That wasn't - sorry!"

Rubbing at his scalp, Will tries to maintain an offended expression. But soon enough Margot's genuine contrition starts to affect him and as he's slowly easing out the crop from his hair his shoulders start to shake and he's laughing.

"I think we'll just have to drink," laughs Margot. "Go on," she gestures at Will. "Drink. It will make you taste better."

As tempting as the amber liquid shining in the short glass is, that gives him pause.

"Do you - not get enough to eat?"

Margot's lips give a wry twist. "There's always plenty to eat. But Mason thinks it's funny to make sure I don't get much of the flavor I like."

Will droops for a moment, then takes a needy swig of the whiskey. He splutters excessively, and Margot sighs, sits down on her bed and starts examining her nails.

"It's just hard you know? There's no way I don't wind up doing what Mason wants eventually. He sired me as a vampire so it's - I guess it's worse than all the glamors you humans go through."

Oh. Well isn't that interesting information.

He smiles at her, and goes to sit down in a chair across from her bed. The lights flicker for a moment then, and Will looks around in alarm. This alarm is justified when some clicking heels approach the room and an elegant, dark haired woman enters.

"Margo?" she calls. "You can come out now. I've fixed the security feeds so they'll only show - oh my god! Will!"

"Alana?" asks Will disbelief coloring his voice. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm doing - I'm doing everything I can Will. Though officially I'm in Human Resources." She pauses a moment and smiles. "You look - you don't look half as bad as I would have expected."

Another spurt of laughter bubbles out of Will, and the hysterical tinge to it doesn't go unnoticed by himself.

"The same to you," he replies. "I thought I'd be drained for dead when they dragged me out of that prison."

Alana smiles for a moment, and then crosses over to him. She tilts his chin up in a motion that reminds him very much of Bedelia for a long uncomfortable moment. He doesn't want to look at her. Doesn't want to see the shadow of the past in her eyes but when at last he meets her gaze - it's a clear gaze.

Those same clear blue eyes. That same courage of conviction and clarity that had had her comforting Will through long nights imprisoned as children. Will had been terrified when he'd arrived in the compound. When he'd sobbed through his first night, shouting for his father, Alana had snuck out of her neighbouring bunk to comfort him. The compound had been somewhere out in the plains - the wide middle of what used to be America and Will didn't know if he missed the coast off Louisiana just as much as he missed a world ruled by humans.

Alana had been a bright spot. One of few.

Even when the vampire guards had started to pick on him, to realize that there was something unusual about the small dark haired boy, Alana had guarded him. She'd warned him to be

more obedient, to try to escape notice as much as possible. It hadn't worked - he'd been given to Bedelia after only a few months.

"This is serious though," sighs Alana. "What I used to tell you about caution, I hope you remember."

"I couldn't forget it if I tried," he sighed. "It doesn't seem real that you're here again. Though I suppose I should be surprised."

Alana makes a displeased face at him and he sighs, cupping his face into Alana's hand again. The gesture soothes her just as quickly as it did Bedelia, and he winks up at her. A startled laugh escapes Alana's mouth.

"Good boy," she laughs. "But we-"

"Alana," comes Margo's voice. It's quiet and Will registers a sliver of hurt, so he whirls to face her. "Do you - know him?"

The elegant manicured hand on Will's face freezes for a moment. A gaze is exchanged between the two women that speaks of volumes of - Will drops his eyes. There's anger there but it's not for him it's for -

"You're planning something against Verger," exhales Will. "Do you think you can?"

Alana steps back with an annoyed face and Margo gasps.

"Did you tell him something about me?" she complains. "Or Mason? About Jack? Alana, who is he?"

"This is Will," explains Alana. "He's an old friend. Can't wait to introduce him to Jack."

Will's head is alight with plans though. He's not paying his full attention to the two women. Hannibal is lurking here somewhere. Verger's cruelties to the human race are well-known - they broadcast the executions on the night time news. They eat the defeated football teams. He rules with an iron fist. Margo though - Margo aims to usurp her brother one day - Margo has a larger sliver of compassion in her soul.

Although right now, she's glaring daggers at Will.

"Right," she snaps. "An old friend. Alana, why did you come here to my room, just to visit an old friend."

"Margo," exclaims Alana. "*I told you about him* - from when I was a child out on the plains - remember?"

The petite woman's shoulders slump then and she approaches Alana, wraps her arms around her, lays her head on her shoulder.

"I'm sorry," she murmurs. "I remember now. Your childhood friend. It's a good idea." Margot pauses, gives Alana a wide-eyed look. "I admit it - I was going to give it a go tying him up."

Alana colors for a brief moment then sighs. "That's actually a good idea," she admits. "If you get an unexpected visitor we can just pretend we've been toying with him the whole time."

"Um," complains Will. "But."

He stares at the two women for a long moment, who just gaze at him with patience and then sighs. "I miss Hannibal," he confesses, and he doesn't even care to measure his tone.

Alana drops her cup.

"You can't be serious! Will - he's trouble and right now he's got himself in even more trouble!"

Alana has come to sit next to Will.

"What do you mean Hannibal got himself in trouble? They can't know - I mean he didn't do anything wrong!"

To Will's chagrin, Alana responds to this with a bitter bark of laughter. She claps his hands over his mouth and then hunches her shoulders as they shake with barely contained anger.

"Hannibal has done most of the wrong things either human or vampire has ever thought up Will," chuckles Alana at last. "Doesn't it bother you that he's a cannibal?"

Alana shudders as she says the last word and Will stares at her, uncomprehending.

"That's not - I mean - we aren't the same species."

"Of course not Will," sighs Alana. "Didn't I tell you to listen to the occasional piece of gossip. Why do you think Lecter had to leave Florence in such a hurry? He ate a vampire there who was related to the Chief of Police. Arrogant of him, really."

"Of course he managed to really piss off us Vergers when he ate Abel Gideon. I think Gideon was Sired by some branch of the Verger family. Lost them a valuable puppet." Margot's face is wan as she speaks. “Although I will always be grateful that he saved me from the plague when I was a child.

"What?"

Will's heart starts to pound how could - Hannibal had been so upset that night he came to Will - *and his skin had been so cold* -

"-but I just saw Gideon!"

"Of course you did Will," sighs Alana. "He's just in pieces now though. In absolute bits. Thought I'd faint when Verger showed me what Hannibal had had in his basement."

Will doesn't know what to do with this knowledge. He'd just been so frightened for Hannibal's fate but now - "He is a monster," whispered Will.

"Of course we are," sighs Margot. "Just not all the time."

***

It's sweet relief actually being tied up again.

Alana tied him hard and Will tried to restrain his whimpers of gratitude. Margo started laughing at him then, so he just smiled sheepishly and accepted the blindfold and earplugs. Now everything is cool and calm. His body could be floating in space for all he knows. How long he stays like that, he doesn't know.

Like this, he doesn't need to think.

When he blinks awake he's alone.

But there's gunshots sounding out so he knows with certainty that Alana and Margot have played their hand.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Even if Will weren't actually tied up, he'd still be frozen with fear.

There are gunshots.

It's been years since Will has heard that sound, the booming echo that leaves his ears ringing. But it's a sound that's impossible to forget. He makes a noise around his gag. There are earplugs in his ears, half fallen out, but gunshots, gunshots you don't forget that easily.

Then hands are on him, hands are untying him, pulling off his blindfold. He keeps his eyes shut for a long moment, then opens them reluctantly to look into the concerned eyes of his childhood friend Alana Bloom.

"That was from outside," she says. "Don't worry - there won't be any fighting reaching us here."

He blinks a bit.

"Sounded close," he says. "What's happening?"

He glances around. The boudoir is in quite the disarray and Margot is busy dressing herself in a hurry and fixing her hair.

"We're going to wind up having company soon though," she sighs, tying up her top and turning to face to the two. "I hope you two know what we're in for here."

Will swallows. He's had some time to think and -

"Where's Hannibal?"

Alana whirls on him, looking furious. Margot though, he sees out of the corner of his eye, looks more curious. He decides to continue his plea.

"I know you don't like him-"

"With good reason Will!"

"Maybe - but I can tell you two are planning something -"

Margot sits down at her vanity with a gasp.

"Sorry -

"This is serious - you just need to stick with us and -"

"You're going to be busy Alana - no one else is going to be able to keep me safe."

It's a gamble, he knows. Alana and Margot have cooked up a plan, that much is clear, but what it is he doesn't know.

Another round of gunfire shakes the room and he stares at her with wide eyes.

"Please," he asks. "Just make sure he's alright. Make sure he can come get me. You know I can't come with you. Whatever you've got planned for the Verger's - I won't be able to hide. And you said you want to keep me safe."

Alana stares at him for a long moment.

"Fine. I'll see if he's in a fit state to come get you. Whatever happens next in this fight - I hope I see you soon Will. Whatever you do next, just wait here."

Alana strides away through the door. Will and Margot are left staring at each other from opposite sides of the room.

There is a terribly long silence.

"I wouldn't worry about anything," assures Margot eventually. "Alana's got a steely resolve - ever since I dragged her out of that burning orphanage."

"The one in the plains?" asks Will. It leaves him feeling hollow to know that the place had burned. "That's where we met."

"She did well there," says Margot in a gentle tone. "Until Mason found them of course. Quiet now, he's coming"

They sit in silence for a long uncomfortable moment.

Will doesn't even bother to look up when the door bands open and Mason walks in.

***

Alana is a thin rod of fury in the dim light of the hog's barn. She's looking down at Hannibal with disgust.

"Jack and his men are coming," she states calmly. "Margot and have a place to go until the worst of it boils over, but we'll need to keep a low profile."

Hannibal stares up at her, face blank.

"I'd hoped to keep Will with us -"

-at the mention of the name, the muscles in the vampire's back tense up visibly and Alana sighs.

"- but he's going to be awfully hard to hide. So many vampires lining up to take a bite out of him."

To Alana's shock, Hannibal looks up at her then. Eyes ablaze. It's a depth of feeling she didn't think the monster was capable of - not after the scandals he'd caused with the Verger family. The trouble in Europe she'd heard about.

"If I let you go now, can you go get him? Keep him safe? I'm going to go shut down the security system and Jack's people will be all over this place in no time."

The bound vampire only gives one nod.

Alana throws down some keys in the mud next to her feet.

"Those open up an abandoned house in Virginia. No one should notice you two there."

She reaches for Hannibal's bindings, then pauses for a moment.

"I've known Will my whole life," she muses. "But I always knew I'd never really understand him."

Hannibal's expression turns smug for only a brief moment before Alana's voice returns, even more stern than he'd ever heard it before.

"Just don't ruin him. Or I'll come and find you."

With that, she pulls one of his bindings loose, drops a knife in Hannibal's cage, and walks off towards the sound of gunshots without looking behind her.

***

Mason is cackling madly.

Mason is cackling madly and he's holding a sharp knife and Will doesn't think he wants to be tied to his chair for much longer. Watching across the room, Margot looks wide-eyed, but resigned to whatever madness her brother has dreamt up.

"It's your face," declares Mason. "All of this could have been avoided if someone had just had the sense to fix up your face dear Will."

"What do I have to do with -"

"Quiet!" shouts Mason. "I'm talking!"

He says it with force. Of course it only tickles at Will's mind, but fearing detection, he lets himself stare slack jawed up at the vampire.

"Much better," he sighs. "Now, lets see what you've been up to here."

Mason moves closer and starts tugging at Will. With a shock, Will realizes that the vampire is laying him out on his back. The knife is still being waved at his face.

"I'm just going to the kitchen Mason," sighs Margot. "Don't mess up my room."

As he watches Margot's slim figure exit, Will realizes that Mason is reaching in between his legs to tug at him. He can't blame her for leaving, even as a tear rolls down his face. Mason lets out a loud groan of satisfaction and licks it up off Will's face, then lets his knife chase after his tongue. Will closes his eyes and wishes he were in bad enough shape to black out, as he feels the knife dig in. A pain lances through him - he doesn't want to die. Not like this.

So when Mason's weight is lifted off him and thrown across the room, he inhales with a shocked gasp.

It's Hannibal, fierce in the moonlight, and he's already turned away from Will to fend off a furious Mason. The smaller vampire is no match for Hannibal though, and his neck is broken with a loud crack. Will is interested to see that this injury slows down even vampires, as he watches Hannibal bite into the man's jugular with a disgusted expression. Although to his horror he realizes -

"It's true," whispers Will. "You do eat your own."

Hannibal turns from Mason then. The vampire is laying in a mess on the floor, limbs at odd angles.

"My own?" demands the vampire. "You would put me in the same category as that pig?"

Will blinks, confused. The blood from the cut on his forehead Mason cut in is dripping into his eyes now. Hannibal makes a wounded noise and knicks open his own wrist again, moves across the room in a flash to offer it to Will. Seeing it as the easy route, Will laps up the blood eagerly, and then with a moaning enthusiasm. Above him, Hannibal lets out a shuddering moan.

They make eye contact.

"Sleep now," says Hannibal. "Rest until I tell you to wake."

There is no particular force behind it. Will has seen Hannibal use a glamor before and right now - he's barely trying. But before Will can form more of a thought than to wonder why Hannibal would try to glamor him - he knows full well it won't work - Will finds himself dropping into a deep sleep like a stone dropped into the still waters of a well.

There is one last thought in his head as Hannibal pulls his wrist away from his mouth.

Glamor had worked on him after all.

***

Will opens his eyes again.

It's late in the evening. There are long shadows drawn across the room, coming from the huge windows. Will sits up and takes stock of his surroundings. He finds he quite likes the room he's in, it reminding him a bit of his tattered sense of … home. The windows would have gone out of fashion long ago since the vampires took charge. The wooden floors and walls as well - entirely too flammable. But there's simple furniture scattered about and the bed he's laying in is surprisingly comfortable.

"Will," greets a familiar voice. "I trust you're feeling much better."

He blinks up at Hannibal. He's staring down at Will with a hopeful expression. Only then does Will realize. His hand flies to his forehead to check - and the cut there has healed smoothly. Looking down at his wrists he notes that he's been wrapped in flannel blankets, and the bruises and abrasions that came from being bound and eaten by vampires so often have faded away as well.

"You'll find my blood had a restorative effect on you," Hannibal informs him *(that's not all it did thinks Will darkly)* as he sits down next to Will, gestures towards some water. Will reaches for it. "We're in a place named Wolf Trap, Virginia. Alana and Margot were kind enough to provide. I suppose their coup has been successful, but we'd still best stay here for a time to avoid any stray combatants."

Will nods shortly. "I was afraid they wouldn't give me to you."

"They've left you this entire house. It's in well-guarded territory, away from the fighting."

It could be a moment of peace.

He rises and pulls Hannibal to him. The vampire is cool, and he kisses Will eagerly. *Must be hungry* thinks Will. The blankets fall away from him. Will realizes the piercings have been removed from his nipples as he presses his chest against Hannibal's. No cuffs on his wrist or around his neck. No ropes binding him. He lays back on the small bed and tugs Hannibal's shirt off.

"You glamored me," he whispers. "How?"

Hannibal freezes for a moment, and Will responds by grasping his hand and moving it in between his legs. The vampire pauses for another long moment, then presses gently at him there. Will realizes he doesn't feel sore and used down there for once - no one has kept him stretched wet and open, just to remind him he doesn't own himself. Hannibal's fingers rub gently though. Will sighs and lets his legs fall apart. "How?" he asks again.

"My blood," answers Hannibal. He peers down at Will. "It should have had a far more tremendous effect on you. It's been quite fascinating watching what happens. How you resist me."

Will hums, stretches his arms out over his head. This feels familiar to him - this dynamic - even if he's technically not obligated at the moment.

"How so?" he asks. He lets a hand drift over to one of his nipples. It's pebbled up hard underneath his hand and he lets out a sigh as he gives it a firm pinch. Hannibal's breath huffs out of him as he stares down, hand still stroking gently at Will. "What should have happened? What don't I know?"

Hannibal looks pensive. "You may have noticed I care little for the rules of other vampires - including making more."

Will's eyes widen and he stares up at Hannibal in shock. "I don't want to be a vampire."

Hannibal swallows.

"We could be together."

Reaching up for Hannibal's mouth, Will conquers it with a moan. "We are together."

The kiss stretches out, a long struggle as their tongues battle with each other. Will wraps his arms around Hannibal, digs his nails into the vampires back. His hiss of victory is cut short when the coolness of Hannibal's body meets his own. Will guides the vampires face into the curve of his neck.

"Would you drink," he asks. "All of me."

"No." Hannibal stares at him. "Will - I could not be free of my desire for you even if I could drink of you a thousand time over."

A long pause.

"I'm the same," sighs Will. But the thought doesn't leave him overjoyed, as it should. "Hannibal - tell me - tell me to spread my legs for you. Order it."

"Spread them," replies Hannibal. "Do as I say?"

It comes out as a question, not the command Will had craved. Impatient, Will scratches at the vampire's arms.

"Make me," hisses Will. "Bend me to your wishes - do it."

Hannibal a flicker of shock for a brief moment, before doing as he's asked.

"Spread your legs Will," he orders. Will feels the glamor in his voice slam into him, and suddenly he's needy, desperate. He spreads his legs as wide as he can and all he can think of now is how to get Hannibal inside him, where he's craving that touch. "Let me see you."

Will finds his hands reaching to spread himself apart and he can't even gasp his humiliation. There's no choice in what happens next. Hannibal's wishes dominate him completely and - and Will finds himself rock hard. Hannibal takes notice, of course. The old arrogance and easy superiority that had characterized their first interactions returned.

"What on earth is this," he muses. He reaches down and grasps Will in his cool hands. The touch is cool but Will finds himself keening and bucking upwards into Hannibal's fist as he works his member with hard strokes. "I hadn't thought you genuinely enjoyed a submissive role William. Not to this degree."

Hannibal's hand strokes him even faster then and Will whines.

"What sort of a man are you, really?" muses Hannibal aloud. "Do you bend so easily to any touch or just mine? No matter though. You're mine now."

The large hand starts to work quicker around him and Will throws his head back and groans.

He's going to just come on himself like this and he wants it and doesn't want it and he wants Hannibal to decide for him and he's bucking up, chasing after his pleasure and - and Hannibal has removed his hands completely. The noise Will makes is pathetic as he humps his hips into thin air, denied completion.

"You want me inside you now, don't you William? Answer honestly I will know if you're lying."

The words made Will's hackles rise again even as a bolt of lust travelled through him.

"Why are you asking," he hissed. "Can't you prove it to me."

Hannibal reacts to the challenge by rising from the small bed and going to fetch something.

"Don't move," he calls over his shoulder. "Stay as you are."

Will leant up to look over his shoulder, but to his shock he can only lay there with his hands grasping his legs to pull them wider apart. When Hannibal returns, he's removed his clothing and he's stroking his member.

"There was a first aid kit in this house," announces Hannibal. His tone is as devil may care as ever. "It included a personal lubricant. I don't suppose I shall question this provenance."

Will settles for making a frustrated, angry noise.

"Please press your fingers in harder around your opening Will. I'd like to examine you closely now."

He grasps one of Will's legs and bends it towards his chest, so Will inhales deep. Hannibal's face is rapt as he examines Will closely. Even after all the valiant efforts to train the modesty out of him, Will's face flushes as Hannibal reaches out one hand to circle around his hole.

"I suppose you still like this as much as you ever did?" questions Hannibal, eyes dark. "Did you please the others? Have you really avoided their touch?"

Will drops his head back and whimpers, even as his arms pull at his legs lewdly. "Of course I did," he groans. "But please - in me -"

Hannibal at last leans down in between Will's legs and settles down on his elbows on either side of him.

"Your arms around me now," he orders. "Don't let go."

With a thrill and a liquid feeling inside, Will feels his arms traveling to wrap around the vampire hovering over him. At last, those hands move to press himself inside Will and a lascivious moan escapes Will's mouth. Quickly, Hannibal's mouth reaches down to press against Will's lips and deliver gentle kisses. A sharp contrast to the unrelenting burn as he presses himself inside of Will. Will feels his hands dig into Hannibal's back as he lets out a cry into Hannibal's mouth. Hannibal presses inside slowly, very slowly and then stops, just to kiss Will, and kiss him, and kiss him until sweat is dripping from his forehead, dripping from his back. Where before Hannibal had felt cool to the touch, he's warmed now, and Will wails as he tries to rock down onto him.

"Please," he whines. "Hannibal please."

A bestial groan is his only answer, and Hannibal surges forward in him. It's a shock really, that voice on the half-edge of madness where before it had been so tightly controlled and intent on pressing Will into more pleasure. The sweetness of his kisses is slipping now, burnt up by the urgency with which he moves in Will.

In turn Will can only gasp out his pleasure into Hannibal's mouth. It burns, it's a bit painful, Will doesn't ever want it to stop. His nails start to dig into Hannibal's back, and the vampire rears back, expression wild. Will scrambles to keep his arms wrapped around him and can only let out a choked sob as he finds his hands pinned to his sides as Hannibal starts moving into him even deeper.

Wailing, Will tries to surge forward. "Hannibal!" he cries out in warning.

The cry forces the vampire, to exhale raggedly, and surge forward to bite down onto Will's neck. With a howl, Will reaches his completion as the fangs pierce his neck and to his pleasure, he stays conscious. Conscious while Hannibal's hips set a bruising pace to his finishing deep inside Will. Aware while Hannibal groans and licks at his neck, pulling blankets over them, uncaring of any mess. He must have grown more blood…

They lay in the bed.

Sated and unmoving for now.

After a long stretch, words escape him.

"I should make you leave," whispers Will into the warm curve of Hannibal's neck. "This is my house now. I could have a peaceful life without you."

"You won't," replies Hannibal and Will is gratified to hear that he doesn't sound entirely confident. "You won't have a life. Not a real one."

"I might not, replies Will, as peaceful as ever. "But there would be no more danger."

"Will!" There is deep reproach in the words. "I could never trust another to keep you safer than I."

"Of course," chuckles Will. "But I don't think you've - you won't give up on making me a vampire."

"No."

"And your influence - will it always be a good one?"

"*Yes,* Will."

Hannibal turns to face Will then. The planes and valleys of his face are illuminated sharply in the moonlight.

"Will, can you at least say you'll be with me?"

"I won't make you leave, Hannibal."

"Then here we stay. A delicate peace though it may be."

Will nods his agreement, and then uncaring of the outside world, tries to snuggle in closer to Hannibal. The vampire is blazing hot now, and Will thinks he could easily become addicted to the feel of his chest pressed against him.

Chapter End Notes

ta-da! the end.

I think I made the right decision by chopping a lot of wonky plot explaining how Mason's vampire empire was overthrown. Margot is the Vampire Queen now, just accept it. Also Jack is out there, running around, sticking up for humans, probably going to win in the end, a peace treaty with Margot at least.

Ok, so I'm slightly tempted to start another story that is hugely similar to this one and diverges after Chapter 3.

End Notes

my tumblr woo hoo

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!